Sofija Rajić 1822

THE

PARENT'S ASSISTANT;

OR,

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

THE BASKET-WOMAN,
THE WHITE PIGEON,
THE ORPHANS,
WASTE NOT, WANT NOT,
FORGIVE AND FORGET.

A NEW EDITION.

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THE BASKET WOMAN.

"Toute leur étude étoit de se complaire et de s'entr'aider."

PAUL et VIRGINIE.

Their whole study was how to please and to help one another.

AT the foot of a steep, slippery, white hill, near Dunstable in Bedfordshire, called Chalk Hill, there is a hut, or rather a hovel, which travellers could scarcely suppose could be inhabited, if they did not see the smoke rising from its peaked roof. An old woman lives in this hovel, and with her a little boy and girl, the children of a beggar, who died and left

these orphans perishing with hunger: they thought themselves very happy the first time the good old woman took them into her hut, bid them warm themselves at her small fire, and gave them a crust of mouldy bread to eat: she had not much to give; but what she had she gave with good-will. She was very kind to these poor children, and worked hard at her spinning-wheel, and at her knitting, to support herself and them. She earned money also in another way: she used to follow all the carriages as they went up Chalk Hill; and when the horses stopped to take breath, or to rest themselves, she put stones behind the carriage-wheels, to prevent them from rolling backwards down the steep slippery hill.

The little boy and girl loved to stand beside the good-natured old woman's

spinning-wheel, when she was spinning, and to talk to her. At these times she taught them something, which, she said, she hoped they would remember all their lives: she explained to them what is meant by telling the truth, and what it is to be honest: she taught them to dislike idleness, and to wish that they could be useful.

One evening, as they were standing beside her, the little boy said to her, "Grandmother,"—for that was the name by which she liked that these children should call her—"Grandmother, how often you are forced to get up from your spinning-wheel, and to follow the chaises and coaches up that steep hill, to put stones under the wheels, to hinder them from rolling back! The people who are in the car-

riages give you a half-penny or a penny for doing this, don't they?"—"Yes, child."—"But it is very hard work for you to go up and down that hill; you often say that you are tired, and then you know that you cannot spin all that time; now if we might go up the hill, and put the stones behind the wheels, you could sit still at your work; and would not the people give us the half-pence? and could not we bring them all to you? Do, pray, dear grand-mother, try us for one day—To-morrow, will you?"—"Yes," said the old woman, "I will try what you can do; but I must go up the hill along with you for the first two or three times, for fear you should get yourselves hurt." So the next day the little boy and girl went with their grandmother, as they

used to call her, up the steep hill; and she showed the boy how to prevent the wheels from rolling back, by putting stones behind them; and she said, "This is called scotching the wheels;" and she took off the boy's hat, and gave it to the little girl, to hold up to the carriage-windows, ready for the half-pence. When she thought that the children knew how to manage by themselves, she left them, and returned to her spinning-wheel. A great many carriages happened to go by this day, and the little girl received a great many halfpence: she carried them all in her brother's hat to her grandmother, in the evening; and the old woman smiled, and thanked the children; she said that they had been useful to her, and that her spinning had gone on finely, because she had been able to sit still at her wheel

all day—" But Paul, my boy," said she, " what is the matter with your hand?"

" Only a pinch, only one pinch that I got, as I was putting a stone behind the wheel of a chaise: it does not hurt me much, grandmother: and I've thought of a good thing for to-morrow; I shall never be hurt again, if you will only be so good as to give me the old handle of the broken crutch, grandmother, and the block of wood that lies in the chimney-corner, and that is of no use: I'll make it of some use, if I may have it."—" Take it then, dear," said the old woman; " and you'll find the handle of the broken crutch under my bed."

Paul went to work immediately, and fastened one end of the pole into the block of wood, so as to make something like a dry-rubbing brush. " Look, grandmamma, look at my *scotcher*: I

call this thing my *scotcher*," said Paul, "because I shall always scotch the wheels with it: I shall never pinch my fingers again; my hands, you see, will be safe at the end of this long stick; and, sister Anne, you need not be at the trouble of carrying any more stones after me up the hill; we shall never want stones any more; my scotcher will do without any thing else, I hope. I wish it was morning, and that a carriage would come, that I might run up the hill, and try my scotcher."—"And I wish that as many chaises may go by to-morrow as there did to-day, and that we may bring you as many half-pence too, grandmother," said the little girl. "So do I, my dear Anne," said the old woman; "for I mean that you and your brother shall have all the money that you get to-morrow; you may buy some

gingerbread for yourselves, or some of those ripe plums, that you saw at the fruit-stall, the other day, which is just going into Dunstable. I told you then, that I could not afford to buy such things for you, but now, that you can earn half-pence for yourselves, children, it is fair you should taste a ripe plum and a bit of gingerbread for once in your lives, and away, dears."

"We'll bring some of the gingerbread home to her, shan't we, brother?" whispered little Anne. The morning came; but no carriages were heard, though Paul and his sister had risen at five o'clock, that they might be sure to be ready for early travellers. Paul kept his scotcher poised upon his shoulder, and watched eagerly at his station at the bottom of the hill: he did not wait long before a carriage

came. He followed it up the hill; and the instant the postilion called to him, and bid him stop the wheels, he put his scotcher behind them, and found that it answered the purpose perfectly well. Many carriages went by this day; and Paul and Anne received a great many half-pence from the travellers. When it grew dusk in the evening, Anne said to her brother—"I don't think any more carriages will come by to-day: let us count the half-pence, and carry them home now to grandmother."

"No, not yet," answered Paul, "let them alone—let them lie still in the hole where I have put them. I dare say more carriages will come by before it is quite dark, and then we shall have more half-pence." Paul had taken the half-pence out of his hat, and he had put them into a hole in the high bank by the road side;

and Anne said, that she would not meddle with them, and that she would wait till her brother liked to count them; and Paul said, "If you will stay and watch here, I will go and gather some blackberries for you in the hedge in yonder field; stand you here-abouts, half-way up the hill; and the moment you see any carriage coming along the road, run as fast as you can, and call me."

Anne waited a long time, or what she thought a long time; and she saw no carriage: and she trailed her brother's scotcher up and down till she was tired; then she stood still, and looked again; and she saw no carriage; so she went sorrowfully into the field, and to the hedge where her brother was gathering blackberries, and she said, "Paul, I'm sadly tired; *sadly tired!*"

said she; "and my eyes are quite strained with looking for chaises; no more chaises will come to-night; and your scotcher is lying there, of no use, upon the ground. Have not I waited long enough for to-day, Paul?"—"O, no," said Paul, "here are some black-berries for you; you had better wait a little bit longer; perhaps a carriage might go by, whilst you are standing here talking to me." Anne, who was of a very obliging temper, and who liked to do what she was asked to do, went back to the place where the scotcher lay; and scarcely had she reached the spot, when she heard the noise of a carriage. She ran to call her brother; and, to their great joy, they now saw four chaises coming towards them. Paul, as soon as they went up the hill, followed with his scotcher; first

he scotched the wheels of one carriage, then of another; and Anne was so much delighted with observing how well the scotcher stopped the wheels, and how much better it was than stones, that she forgot to go and hold her brother's hat to the travellers for half-pence, till she was roused by the voice of a little rosy girl, who was looking out of the window of one of the chaises. "Come close to the chaise-door," said the little girl, "here are some half-pence for you."

Anne held the hat; and she afterwards went on to the other carriages; money was thrown to her from each of them; and when they had all gotten safely to the top of the hill, she and her brother sat down upon a large stone by the road-side, to count their treasure. First they began by counting wha

was in the hat—"One, two, three, four half-pence."

"But O, brother, look at this!" exclaimed Anne; "this is not the same as the other half-pence."

"No, indeed, it is not," cried Paul; "it is no half-penny; it is a guinea, a bright golden guinea!"—"Is it?" said Anne, who had never seen a guinea in her life before, and who did not know its value; "and will it do as well as a half-penny to buy gingerbread? I'll run to the fruit-stall, and ask the woman; shall I?"

"No, no," said Paul, "you need not ask any woman, or any body but me; I can tell you all about it, as well as any body in the whole world."

"The whole world! O, Paul, you forget!—not so well as my grandmother."

"Why, not so well as my grandmother, perhaps; but, Anne, I can tell you, that you must not talk yourself, Anne; but you must listen to me quietly, or else you won't understand what I am going to tell you; for I can assure you, that I don't think I quite understood it myself, Anne, the first time my grandmother told it to me, though I stood stock still, listening my best."

Prepared by this speech to hear something very difficult to be understood, Anne looked very grave; and her brother exclaimed to her, that, with a guinea, she might buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as she could get for a penny.

"Why, Paul, you know the fruit-woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now for this

little guinea would she give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen?"

"If she has so many, and if we like to have so many, to be sure she will," said Paul; "but I think we should not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen of plums; we could not eat such a number."

"But we could give some of them to my grandmother," said Anne.

"But still there would be too many for her, and for us too," said Paul; "and when we had eaten the plums, there would be an end of all the pleasure; but now I'll tell you what I am thinking of, Anne, that we might buy something for my grandmother, that would be very useful to her indeed, with this guinea; something that would last a great while."

"What, brother? what sort of thing?"

"Something that she said she wanted very much last winter, when she was so ill of the rheumatism;—something that she said yesterday when you were making her bed, she wished she might be able to buy before next winter."

"I know! I know what you mean," said Anne, "a blanket; O, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums; do let us buy a blanket for her; how glad she will be to see it!—I will make her bed with the new blanket, and then bring her to look at it.—But, Paul, how shall we buy a blanket? Where are blankets to be got?"

"Leave that to me, I'll manage that—I know where blankets can be got; I saw one hanging out of a shop the day I went last to Dunstable."

"You have seen a great many things at Dunstable, brother."

"Yes, a great many; but I never saw any thing there, or any where else, that I wished for half so much as I did for the blanket for my grandmother.—Do you remember how she used to shiver with the cold last winter?—I'll buy the blanket to-morrow, I'm going to Dunstable with her spinning."

"And you'll bring the blanket to me, and I shall make the bed very neatly, that will be all right! all happy!" said Anne, clapping her hands.

"But stay! hush! don't clap your hands so, Anne; it will not be all happy, I'm afraid," said Paul, and his countenance changed, and he looked very grave—"it will not be all right, I'm afraid, for there is one thing we have neither of us thought of, but that we ought to think about. We cannot buy the blanket, I'm afraid."

"Why, Paul? why?"

"Because I don't think this guinea is honestly ours."

"Nay, brother, but I'm sure it is honestly ours; it was given to us, and grandmother said all that was given to us to-day was to be our own."

"But who gave it to you, Anne?"

"Some of the people in those chaises, Paul; I don't know which of them, but I dare say it was the little rosy girl."

"No," said Paul, "for when she called you to the chaise-door, she said, 'Here's some half-pence for you.' Now, if she gave you the guinea, she must have given it to you by mistake."

"Well, but perhaps some of the people in the other chaises gave it to me, and did not give it to me by mistake, Paul. There was a gentleman reading

in one of the chaises, and a lady who looked very good-naturedly at me, and then the gentleman put down his book, and put his head out of the window, and looked at your scotcher, brother, and he asked me, if that was your own making: and when I said, yes, and that I was your sister, he smiled at me, and put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and threw a handful of half-pence into the hat, and I dare say he gave us the guinea along with them, because he liked your scotcher so much."

"Why," said Paul, "that might be, to be sure; but I wish I was quite certain of it."

"Then, as we are not quite certain, had not we best go and ask my grandmother what she thinks about it?"

Paul thought this was excellent advice; and he was not a silly boy, who did

not like to follow good advice: he went with his sister directly to his grandmother, showed her the guinea, and told her how they came by it.

"My dear honest children," said she, "I am very glad you told me all this; I am very glad that you did not buy either the plums or the blanket with this guinea; I'm sure it is not honestly ours; those who threw it to you, gave it by mistake, I warrant; and what I would have you do is, to go to Dunstable, and try if you can, at either of the inns, find out the person who gave it to you. It is now so late in the evening, that perhaps the travellers will sleep at Dunstable, instead of going on the next stage; and it is likely, that whosoever gave you a guinea, instead of a half-penny, has found out their mistake by this time. All you can do, is,

to go and inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaise."——

"O!" interrupted Paul, "I know a good way of finding him out; I remember it was a dark green chaise with red wheels: and I remember I read the innkeeper's name upon the chaise, '*John Nelson.*' (I am much obliged to you for teaching me to read, grandmother.) You told me, yesterday, grandmother, that the names written upon chaises are the names of the innkeepers to whom they belong. I read the name of the innkeeper upon that chaise: it was John Nelson. So Anne and I will go to both the inns in Dunstable, and try to find out this chaise——John Nelson's——Come, Anne, let us set out before it gets quite dark."

Anne and her brother passed with great courage the tempting stall, that

was covered with gingerbread and ripe plums, and pursued their way steadily through the street of Dunstable: but Paul, when he came to the shop where he had seen the blanket, stopped for a moment, and said, "it is a great pity, Anne, that the guinea is not ours; however, we are doing what is honest, and that is a comfort.——Here, we must go through this gate-way, into the inn-yard; we are come to the Dun Cow."

"Cow!" said Anne, "I see no cow."

"Look up, and you'll see the cow over your head," said Paul—"the sign—the picture.—Come, never mind looking at it now: I want to find out the green chaise that has John Nelson's name upon it."

Paul pushed forward, through a crowded passage, till he got into the inn-yard; there was a great noise and

bustle; the hostlers were carrying in luggage; the postilions were rubbing down their horses, or rolling the chaises into the coach-house.

"What now? What business have you here, pray?" said a waiter, who almost ran over Paul, as he was crossing the yard in a great hurry to get some empty bottles from the bottle-rack.—"You've no business here, crowding up the yard; walk off, young gentleman, if you please."

"Pray give me leave, sir," said Paul, "to stay a few minutes, to look amongst these chaises for one dark-green chaise with red wheels, that has Mr. John Nelson's name written upon it."

"What's that he says about a dark-green chaise?" said one of the postilions.

"What should such a one as he is know about chaises?" interrupted the hasty waiter, as he was going to turn Paul out of the yard; but the hostler caught hold of his arm, and said, "May be the child *has* some business here; let's know what he has to say for himself."

The waiter was at this instant luckily obliged to leave them to attend the bell; and Paul told his business to the hostler, who, as soon as he saw the guinea and heard the story, shook Paul by the hand, and said, "Stand steady, my honest lad; I'll find the chaise for you, if it is to be found here; but John Nelson's chaises almost always drive to the Black Bull."

After some difficulty, the green chaise with John Nelson's name upon it, and the postilion who drove that chaise,

were found; and the postilion told Paul, that he was just going into the parlour to the gentleman he had driven, to be paid, and that he would carry the guinea with him.

"No," said Paul, "we should like to give it back ourselves."

"Yes," said the hostler, "that they have a right to do."

The postilion made no reply, but looked vexed, and went on towards the house, desiring the children would wait in the passage till his return.

In the passage there was standing a decent, clean, good-natured-looking woman, with two huge straw baskets on each side of her. One of the baskets stood a little in the way of the entrance. A man who was pushing his way in, and carried in his hand a string of dead larks hung to a pole, impatient at being

stopped, kicked down the straw basket, and all its contents were thrown out: bright straw hats, and boxes, and slippers, were all thrown in disorder upon the dirty ground.

"O, they will be trampled upon! they will be all spoiled!" exclaimed the woman to whom they belonged.

"We'll help you to pick them up, if you will let us," cried Paul and Anne; and they immediately ran to her assistance.

When the things were all safe in the basket again, the children expressed a great desire to know how such beautiful things could be made of straw; but the woman had not time to answer them, before the postilion came out of the parlour, and with him a gentleman's servant, who came to Paul, and, clapping him upon the back, said, "So, my little

chap, I gave you a guinea for a half-penny, I hear; and I understand you've brought it back again—that's right—give me hold of it."

"No, brother," said Anne; "this is not the gentleman that was reading."

"Pooh, child, I came in Mr. Nelson's green chaise. Here's the postilion can tell you so. I and my master came in that chaise. It was my master that was reading, as you say; and it was he that threw the money out to you; he is going to bed; he is tired, and can't see you himself: he desires that you'll give me the guinea."

Paul was too honest himself to suspect, that this man was telling him a falsehood; and he now readily produced his bright guinea, and delivered it into the servant's hands.

"Here's six-pence a piece for you,

children," said he, "and good night to you."—He pushed them towards the door; but the basket-woman whispered to them as they went out, "Wait in the street till I come to you."

"Pray, Mrs. Landlady," cried this gentleman's servant, addressing himself to the landlady, who just then came out of a room where some company were at supper, "Pray, Mrs. Landlady, please to let me have roasted larks for my supper. You are famous for larks at Dunstable; and I make it a rule to taste the best of every thing, wherever I go; and, waiter, let me have a bottle of claret—Do you hear?"

"Larks and claret for his supper!" said the basket-woman to herself, as she looked at him from head to foot. The postilion was still waiting, as if to speak to him; and she observed them afterwards whispering and laughing together.

"*No bad hit*," was a sentence which the servant pronounced several times.

Now it occurred to the basket-woman, that this man had cheated the children out of the guinea to pay for the larks and claret: and she thought that perhaps she could discover the truth. She waited quietly in the passage.

"Waiter!—Joe! Joe!" cried the landlady, "why don't you carry in the sweetmeat puffs and the tarts here to the company in the best parlour."

"Coming, ma'am," answered the waiter; and with a large dish of tarts and puffs the waiter came from the bar; the landlady threw open the door of the best parlour, to let him in; and the basket-woman had now a full view of a large cheerful company; and amongst them several children sitting round a supper-table.

"Aye," whispered the landlady, as the door closed after the waiter and the tarts, "there are customers enough, I warrant, for you in that room, if you had but the luck to be called in. Pray what would you have the conscience, I wonder now, to charge me for these here half dozen little mats, to put under my dishes?"

"A trifle, ma'am," said the basket-woman: she let the landlady have the mats cheap; and the landlady then declared she would step in, and see if the company in the best parlour had done supper—"When they come to their wine," added she, "I'll speak a good word for you, and get you called in afore the children are sent to bed."

The landlady, after the usual speech of "*I hope the supper and every thing is to your liking, ladies and gentlemen,*"

began with, "If any of the young gentlemen or ladies would have a *cur'osity* to see any of our famous Dunstable straw-work, there's a decent body without, would, I dare to say, be proud to show them her pincushion-boxes, and her baskets and slippers, and her other *cur'osities.*"

The eyes of the children all turned towards their mother, their mother smiled, and immediately their father called in the basket-woman, and desired her to produce her *curiosities.*

The children gathered round her large pannier as it opened; but they did not touch any of her things.

"O, papa,!" cried a little rosy girl, "here are a pair of straw slippers, that would just fit you, I think; but would not straw shoes wear out very soon? and would not they let in the wet?"

"Yes, my dear," said her father, "but these slippers are meant——" "for powdering slippers, Miss," interrupting the basket-woman.

"To wear when people are powdering their hair," continued the gentleman, "that they may not spoil their other shoes."

"And will you buy them, papa?"

"No, I cannot indulge myself," said her father, "in buying them now; I must make amends," said he, laughing, "for my carelessness; and as I threw away a guinea to-day, I must endeavour to save six-pence at least."

"Ah, the guinea that you threw by mistake into the little girl's hat, as we were coming up Chalk Hill.—Mamma, I wonder that the little girl did not take notice of its being a guinea, and that she did not run after the chaise to

give it back again. I should think, if she had been an honest girl, she would have returned it."

"Miss!—Ma'am!—Sir!" said the basket-woman, "if it would not be impertinent, may I speak a word?—A little boy and girl have just been here inquiring for a gentleman, who gave them a guinea instead of a half-penny by mistake; and, not five minutes ago, I saw the boy give the guinea to a gentleman's servant, who is there without, and who said his master desired it should be returned to him."

"There must be some mistake, or some trick in this," said the gentleman: "are the children gone?—I must see them—Send after them."

"I'll go for them myself," said the good-natured basket-woman; "I bid them wait in the street yonder; for my

mind misgave me, that the man who spoke so short to them was a cheat—with his larks and his claret."

Paul and Anne were speedily summoned, and brought back by their friend the basket-woman; and Anne, the moment she saw the gentleman, knew that he was the very person who smiled upon her, who admired her brother's scotcher, and who threw a handful of half-pence into the hat; but she could not be certain, she said, that she received the guinea from him; she only thought it was most likely that she did.

"But I can be certain whether the guinea you returned be mine or no," said the gentleman; "I marked the guinea; it was a light one; the only light guinea I had, which I put into my waistcoat-pocket this morning."

He rang the bell, and desired the

waiter to let the gentleman, who was in the room opposite to him, know that he wished to see him.

"The gentleman in the white parlour, sir, do you mean?"

"I mean the master of the servant who received a guinea from this child."

"He is a Mr. Pembroke, sir," said the waiter.

Mr. Pembroke came, and as soon as he heard what had happened, he desired the waiter to show him to the room where his servant was at supper.

The dishonest servant, who was supping upon larks and claret, knew nothing of what was going on; but his knife and fork dropped from his hand, and he overturned a bumper of claret, as he started up from table, in great surprise and terror, when his master came in with a face of indignation, and demanded

"*The guinea—the guinea, sir!* that you got from this child—that guinea which you said I ordered you to ask for from this child."

The servant, confounded and half intoxicated, could only stammer out that he had more guineas than one about him, and that he really did not know which it was. He pulled his money out, and spread it upon the table with trembling hands—The marked guinea appeared—His master instantly turned him out of his service with strong expressions of contempt.

"And now, my little honest girl," said the gentleman who had admired her brother's scotcher, turning to Anne, "and now tell me who you are, and what you and your brother want or wish for most in the world."

In the same moment, Anne and Paul

exclaimed, "The thing we wish for the most in the world is a blanket for our grandmother."

"She is not our grandmother in reality, I believe, sir," said Paul; "but she is just as good to us, and taught me to read, and taught Anne to knit, and taught us both that we should be honest—so she has—and I wish she had a new blanket before next winter, to keep her from the cold and the rheumatism. She had the rheumatism sadly, last winter, sir; and there is a blanket in this street, that would be just the thing for her."

"She shall have it, then; and," continued the gentleman, "I will do something more for you—Do you like to be employed, or to be idle, best?"

"We like to have something to do always, if we could, sir," said Paul;

"but we are forced to be idle sometimes, because grandmother has not always things for us to do, that we can do well."

"Should you like to learn how to make such baskets as these?" said the gentleman, pointing to one of the Dunstable straw-baskets.

"O, very much!" said Paul.

"Very much!" said Anne.

"Then I should like to teach you how to make them," said the basket-woman; "for I'm sure of one thing, that you'd behave honestly to me."

The gentleman put a guinea into the good-natured basket-woman's hand, and told her, that he knew she could not afford to teach them her trade for nothing.—"I shall come through Dunstable again in a few months," added he; "and I hope to see, that you and

your scholars are going on well. If I find that they are, I will do something more for you."

"But," said Anne, "we must tell all this to grandmother, and ask her about it; and I'm afraid—though I'm very happy—that it is getting very late, and that we should not stay here any longer."

"It is a fine moon-light night," said the basket-woman; "and it is not far; I'll walk with you, and see you safe home myself."

The gentleman detained them a few minutes longer, till a messenger, whom he had dispatched to purchase the much-wished-for blanket, returned.

"Your grandmother will sleep well under this good blanket, I hope," said the gentleman, as he gave it into Paul's

opened arms; "it has been obtained for her by the honesty of her adopted children."

THE WHITE PIGEON.

The little town of Somerville, in Ireland, has, within these few years, assumed the neat and cheerful appearance of an English village. Mr. Somerville, to whom this town belongs, wished to inspire his tenantry with a taste for order and domestic happiness, and took every means in his power, to encourage industrious well-behaved people, to settle in his neighbourhood. When he had finished building a row of good slated houses in his town, he declared, that he would set them to the best tenants he could find, and proposals were publicly sent to him from all parts of the country. By the best tenants,

Mr. Somerville did not, however, mean the best bidders; and many, who had offered an extravagant price for the houses, were surprised to find their proposals rejected. Amongst these was Mr. Cox, an alehouse keeper, who did not bear a very good character.

"Please your honour, sir," said he to Mr. Somerville, "I *expected*, since I bid as fair and fairer for it than any other, that you would have set me the house next the apothecary's. Was not it fifteen guineas I mentioned in my proposal? and did not your honour give it against me for thirteen?"

"My honour did just so," replied Mr. Somerville, calmly.

"And please your honour, but I don't know what it is I or mine have done to offend you—I'm sure there is not a gentleman in all Ireland I'd go farther to

sarve. Would not I go to Cork to-morrow for the least word from your honour?"

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Cox, but I have no business at Cork at present," answered Mr. Somerville, dryly.

"It is all I wish," exclaimed Mr. Cox, "that I could find out and light upon the man that has belied me to your honour."

"No man has belied you, Mr. Cox; but your nose belies you much, if you do not love drinking a little; and your black eye and cut chin belie you much, if you do not love quarrelling a little."

"Quarrel! I quarrel, please your honour! I defy any man, or set of men, ten mile round, to prove such a thing; and I am ready to fight him that dares to say the like of me; I'd fight him

here in your honour's presence, if he'd only come out this minute, and meet me like a man."

Here Mr. Cox put himself into a boxing attitude; but observing that Mr. Somerville looked at his threatening gesture with a smile, and that several people, who had gathered round him as he stood in the street, laughed at the proof he gave of his peaceable disposition, he changed his attitude, and went on to vindicate himself against the charge of drinking.

"And as to drink, please your honour, there's no truth in it. Not a drop of whiskey, good or bad, have I touched these six months, except what I took with Jemmy M'Doole the night I had the misfortune to meet your honour coming home from the fair of Ballynagrish."

To this speech Mr. Somerville made no answer, but turned away to look at the bow-window of a handsome new inn, which the glazier was at this instant glazing.

"Please your honour, that new inn is not set, I hear, as yet," resumed Mr. Cox; "if your honour recollects, you promised to make me a compliment of it, last Seraphtide was twelve-month."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Somerville, "for I had no thoughts of building an inn at that time."

"O, I beg your honour's pardon; but if you'd be just pleased to recollect, it was coming through the gap in the bog-meadows, *forenent* Thady O'Connor, you made me the promise—I'll leave to him, so I will."

"But I will not leave it to him, I assure you," cried Mr. Somerville; "I

never made any such promise: I never thought of setting this inn to you."

"Then your honour won't let me have it?"

"No. You have told me a dozen falsehoods. I do not wish to have you for a tenant."

"Well, God bless your honour; I've no more to say, but God bless your honour," said Mr. Cox; and he walked away, muttering to himself, as he slouched his hat over his face—"I hope I'll live to be revenged on him!"

Mr. Somerville, the next morning went with his family to look at the new inn, which he expected to see perfectly finished; but he was met by the carpenter, who, with a rueful face, informed him, that six panes of glass in the large bow-window had been broken during the night.

"Ha! perhaps Mr. Cox has broken my windows, in revenge for my refusing to let him my house," said Mr. Somerville; and many of the neighbours, who knew the malicious character of this Mr. Cox, observed that this was like one of his tricks.

A boy of about twelve years old, however, stepped forward and said, "I don't like Mr. Cox, I'm sure; for once he beat me, when he was drunk; but, for all that, no one should be accused wrongfully: he *could* not be the person that broke these windows last night; for he was six miles off: he slept at his cousin's last night, and he has not returned home yet; so I think he knows nothing of the matter."

Mr. Somerville was pleased with the honest simplicity of this boy, and observing, that he looked in eagerly at the

stair-case, when the house-door was opened, he asked him whether he should like to go in, and see the new house.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I should like to go up those stairs and to see what I should come to."

"Up with you then!" said Mr. Somerville; and the boy ran up the stairs. He went from room to room with great expressions of admiration and delight; at length, as he was examining one of the garrets, he was startled by a fluttering noise over his head; and looking up, he saw a white pigeon, who frightened at his appearance, began to fly round and round the room, till it found its way out of the door, and it flew into the stair-case. The carpenter was speaking to Mr. Somerville upon the landing-place of the stairs; but, the moment he spied the white pigeon, he

broke off in the midst of a speech about *the nose* of the stairs, and exclaimed, "There he is, please your honour!—There's he that has done all the damage to our bow-window—that's the very same wicked white pigeon, that broke the church-windows last Sunday was se'nnight; but he's down for it now; we have him safe, and I'll chop his head off, as he deserves, this minute."

"Stay! O stay! don't chop his head off: he does not deserve it," cried the boy, who came running out of the garret with the greatest eagerness—"*I* broke your window, sir," said he to Mr. Somerville—"I broke your window with this ball; but I did not know that I had done it till this moment, I assure you, or I should have told you before. Don't chop his head off," added the

boy to the carpenter, who had now the white pigeon in his hands.

"No," said Mr. Somerville, "the pigeon's head shall not be chopped off, nor yours neither, my good boy, for breaking a window. I am persuaded by your open, honest countenance, that you are speaking the truth; but pray explain this matter to us; for you have not made it quite clear;—How happened it that you could break my windows without knowing it? and how came you to find it out at last?"

"Sir," said the boy, "if you'll come up here, I'll show you all I know, and how I came to know it."

Mr. Somerville followed him into the garret; and the boy pointed to a pane of glass, that was broken in a small window, that looked out upon a piece of

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waste ground behind the house. Upon this piece of waste ground the children of the village often used to play. "We were playing there at ball yesterday evening," continued the boy, addressing himself to Mr. Somerville; "and one of the lads challenged me to hit a mark in the wall, which I did; but he said I did not hit it, and bade me give him up my ball as the forfeit. This I would not do; and when he began to wrestle with me for it, I threw the ball, as I thought, over the house. He ran to look for it in the street, but could not find it, which I was very glad of; but I was very sorry just now, to find it myself, lying upon this heap of shavings, sir, under this broken window; for, as soon as I saw it lying there, I knew I must have been the person that broke the window; and through this window came the white pigeon; here's

one of his white feathers sticking in the gap."

"Yes," said the carpenter, "and in the bow-window room below there's plenty of his feathers to be seen; for I've just been down to look: it was the pigeon broke *them* windows, sure enough."

"But he could not have got in if I had not broke this little window," said the boy eagerly; "and I am able to earn sixpence a day, and I'll pay for all the mischief and welcome. The white pigeon belongs to a poor neighbour, a friend of ours, who is very fond of him; and I would not have him killed for twice as much money."

"Take the pigeon, my honest, generous lad," said Mr. Somerville, "and carry him back to your neighbour. I forgive him all the mischief he has done

me, tell your friend, for your sake. As to the rest, we can have the windows mended; and do you keep all the sixpences you earn for yourself."

"That's what he never did yet," said the carpenter; "many's the sixpence he earns, but not a halfpenny goes into his own pocket: it goes every farthing to his poor father and mother. Happy for them to have such a son!"

"More happy for him to have such a father and mother!" exclaimed the boy; "in their good days, they took all the best care of me that was to be had for love or money, and would, if I would let them, go on paying for my schooling now, falling as they be in the world; but I must learn to mind the shop now. Good morning to you, sir; and thank you kindly," said he to Mr. Somerville.

"And where does this boy live, and who are his father and mother? they cannot live in town," said Mr. Somerville, "or I should have heard of them."

"They are but just come into the town, please your honour," said the carpenter; "they lived formerly upon Counsellor O'Donnel's estate; but they were ruined, please your honour, by taking a joint-lease with a man, who fell afterwards into bad company, ran out all he had, so could not pay the landlord; and these poor people were forced to pay his share and their own too, which almost ruined them: they were obliged to give up the land; and now they have furnished a little shop in this town, with what goods they could afford to buy with the money they got by the sale of their cattle and stock. They

have the good-will of all who know them; and I am sure I hope they will do well. The boy is very ready in the shop, though he said only that he could earn sixpence a day; he writes a good hand, and is quick at casting up accounts, for his age. Besides, he is likely to do well in the world, because he is never in idle company; and I've known him since he was two foot high, and never heard of his telling a lie."

"This is an excellent character of the boy indeed," said Mr. Somerville; "and from his behaviour this morning, I am inclined to think, that he deserved all your praises." Mr. Somerville resolved to inquire more fully concerning this poor family, and to attend to their conduct himself, fully determined to assist them, if he should find them such as they had been represented.

In the mean time, this boy, whose name was Brian O'Neill, went to return the white pigeon to its owner.

"You have saved its life," said the woman to whom it belonged, "and I'll make you a present of it."

Brian thanked her; and he from that day began to grow fond of the pigeon. He always took care to scatter some oats for it in his father's yard; and the pigeon grew so tame at last, that it would hop about the kitchen, and eat off the same trencher with the dog*.

Brian, after the shop was shut up at night, used to amuse himself with reading some little books, which the schoolmaster, who formerly taught him arithmetic, was so good as to lend him. Amongst these he one evening met with a little book full of the history of birds

* This is a fact.

and beasts; he looked immediately to see whether the pigeon was mentioned amongst the birds; and, to his great joy, he found a full description and history of his favourite bird.

"So, Brian, I see your schooling has not been thrown away upon you; you like your book, I see, when you have no master over you to bid you read," said his father, when he came in and saw Brian reading this book very attentively.

"Thank you for having me taught to read, father," said Brian; "here I've made a great discovery: I've found out in this book, little as it looks, father, a most curious way of making a fortune; and I hope it will make your fortune, father: and if you'll sit down I'll tell it to you."

Mr. O'Neill, in hopes of pleasing his

son, rather than in the expectation of having his fortune made, immediately sat down to listen; and his son explained to him, that he had found in his book an account of pigeons, which carried notes and letters; "and, father," continued Brian, "I find my pigeon is of this sort; and I intend to make my pigeon carry messages: why should not he, sir? If other pigeons have done so before him, I think he is as good, and I dare say will be as easy to teach, as any pigeon in the world: and I shall begin to teach him to-morrow morning; and then, father, you know people often pay a great deal for sending messengers; and no boy can run, no horse can gallop, so fast as a bird can fly; therefore the bird must be the best messenger, and I should be paid the best price—Hey, father?"

"To be sure, to be sure, my dear," said his father, laughing; "I wish you may make the best messenger in Ireland of your pigeon; but all I beg, my dear boy, is that you won't neglect our shop for your pigeon; for I've a notion, we have a better chance of making a fortune by the shop, than by the white pigeon."

Brian never neglected the shop; but at his leisure hours he amused himself with training his pigeon; and, after much patience, he at last succeeded so well, that one day he went to his father, and offered to send him word by his pigeon, what beef was a pound in the market of Ballynagrish, where he was going—"The pigeon will be home long before me, father; and he will come in at the kitchen window, and light upon the dresser; then you must untie the

little note, which I shall have tied under his left wing, and you'll know the price of beef directly."

The pigeon carried his message well, and Brian was much delighted with his success. He soon was employed by the neighbours, who were amused by Brian's fondness of his swift messenger; and soon the fame of the white pigeon was spread amongst all who frequented the markets and fairs of Somerville.

At one of these fairs, a set of men of desperate fortunes met to drink, and to concert plans of robberies. Their place of meeting was at the ale-house of Mr. Cox, the man who, as our readers may remember, was offended by Mr. Somerville's hinting that he was fond of drinking and of quarrelling, and who threatened vengeance for having been refused the new inn.

Whilst these men were talking over their schemes, one of them observed, that one of their companions was not arrived; another said, no; he's six miles off, said another; and a third wished, that he could make him hear at that distance. This turned the discourse upon the difficulties of sending messages secretly and quickly. Cox's son, a lad of about nineteen, who was one of this gang, mentioned the white carrier-pigeon, and he was desired to try all means to get it into his possession. Accordingly, the next day young Cox went to Brian O'Neill, and tried at first by persuasion, and afterwards by threats, to prevail upon him to give up the pigeon. Brian was resolute in his refusal, more especially when the petitioner began to bully him.

"If we can't have it by fair means we will by foul," said Cox; and a few days afterwards the pigeon was gone. Brian searched for it in vain—inquired from all the neighbours if they had seen it, and applied, but to no purpose, to Cox. He swore, that he knew nothing about the matter—but this was false—for it was he who during the night-time had stolen the white pigeon; he conveyed it to his employers, and they rejoiced that they had gotten it into their possession, as they thought it would serve them for a useful messenger.

Nothing can be more short-sighted than cunning. The very means, which these people took to secure secrecy, were the means of bringing their plots to light. They endeavoured to teach the pigeon, which they had stolen, to carry

messages for them in a part of the country at some distance from Somerville; and when they fancied that it had forgotten its former habits, and its old master, they thought that they might venture to employ him nearer home. However, the pigeon had a better memory than they imagined. They loosed him from a bag near the town of Ballynagrish, in hopes that he would stop at the house of Cox's cousin, which was on the road between Ballynagrish and Somerville. But the pigeon, though he had been purposely fed at this house for a week before his trial, did not stop there, but flew on to his old master's house in Somerville, and pecked at the kitchen window, as he had formerly been taught to do. His master, fortunately, was within hearing, and poor Brian ran

with the greatest joy to open the window, and to let him in.

"O, father, here's my white pigeon come back of his own accord," exclaimed Brian; "I must run and show him to my mother."

At this instant the pigeon spread his wings, and Brian discovered under one of its wings a small and very dirty-looking billet; he opened it in his father's presence: the scrawl was scarcely legible, but these words were at length deciphered:

"Thare are eight of uz sworn; I send yo at botom thare names. We meat at tin this nite at my faders, and have harms and all in radiness to brak into the grate ouse. Mr. Summervill is to lye out to nite—kip the pigeon untill to-morrow. For ever yours,

"MURTAGH COX, JUN."

Scarcely had they finished reading this note, than both father and son exclaimed, "Let us go and show it to Mr. Somerville." Before they set out, they had, however, the prudence to secure the pigeon, so that he should not be seen by any one but themselves.

Mr. Somerville, in consequence of this fortunate discovery, took proper measures for the apprehension of the eight men, who had sworn to rob his house; and when they were all safely lodged in the county gaol, he sent for Brian O'Neill and his father; and after thanking them for the service they had done him, he counted out ten bright guineas upon a table, and pushed them towards Brian, saying, "I suppose you know, that a reward of ten guineas was offered some weeks ago for the discovery

of John Mac Dermod, one of the eight men, whom we have just taken up."

"No, sir," said Brian; "I did not know it, and I did not bring that note to you to get ten guineas; but because I thought it was right. I don't want to be paid for doing right."

"That's my own boy," said his father. "We thank you, sir, but we'll not take the money; I *don't like to take the price of blood*."*

"I know the difference, my good friends," said Mr. Somerville, "between vile informers and courageous honest men."

"Why, as to that, please your honour, though we are poor, I hope we are honest."

* This answer was really given upon a similar occasion.

"And what is more," said Mr. Somerville, "I have a notion that you would continue to be honest, even if you were rich.

"Will you, my good lad," continued Mr. Somerville, after a moment's pause, "will you trust me with your white pigeon a few days?"

"O, and welcome, sir," said the boy with a smile; and he brought the pigeon to Mr. Somerville when it was dark, and nobody saw him. A few days afterwards Mr. Somerville called at O'Neill's house, and bid him and his son follow him. They followed till he stopped opposite to the bow-window of the new inn. The carpenter had just put up a sign, which was covered over with a bit of carpeting.

"Go up the ladder, will you," said Mr. Somerville to Brian, "and pull that

sign straight, for it hangs quite crooked There, now it is straight. Now pull o the carpet, and let us see the new sign.

The boy pulled off the cover, and sa a white pigeon painted upon the sign and the name of O'Neill in large lette underneath.

" Take care you do not tumble dow and break your neck upon this joyfu occasion," said Mr. Somerville, who sa that Brian's surprise was too great for hi situation. " Come down from the lad der, and wish your father joy of bein master of the new inn called The Whit Pigeon. And I wish him joy of havin such a son as you are. Those who brin up their children well will certainly b rewarded for it, be they poor or rich."

THE ORPHANS.

NEAR the ruins of the castle of Rossmore, in Ireland, is a small cabin, in which there once lived a widow, and her four children. As long as she was able to work, she was very industrious, and was accounted the best spinner in the parish; but she over-worked herself at last, and fell ill, so that she could not sit to her wheel as she used to do, and was obliged to give it up to her eldest daughter Mary.

Mary was at this time about twelve years old. One evening she was sitting at the foot of her mother's bed, spinning, and her little brother and sisters were gathered round the fire, eating their potatoes and milk for supper.

"Bless them, the poor young creatures!" said the widow; who, as she lay on the bed, which she knew must be her death-bed, was thinking of what would become of her children after she was gone. Mary stopped her wheel, for she was afraid that the noise of it had wakened her mother, and would hinder her from going to sleep again.

"No need to stop the wheel, Mary dear, for me," said her mother, "I was not asleep; nor is it *that* which keeps me from sleep. But don't over-work yourself, Mary."

"O, no fear of that," replied Mary; "I'm strong and hearty."

"So was I once," said her mother.

"And so you will be again I hope," said Mary, "when the fine weather comes again."

"The fine weather will never come

again to me," said her mother; "'tis a folly, Mary, to hope for that—but what I hope is, that you'll find some friend—some help—orphans as you'll soon all of you be. And one thing comforts my heart, even as I *am* lying here, that not a soul in the wide world I am leaving has to complain of me. Though poor, I have lived honest, and I have brought you up to be the same, Mary; and I am sure the little ones will take after you; for you'll be good to them—as good to them as you can."

Here the children, who had finished eating their suppers, came round the bed, to listen to what their mother was saying. She was tired of speaking, for she was very weak; but she took their little hands, as they laid them on the bed;

and joining them all together, she said—
"Bless you, dears—Bless you—love
and help one another all you can—good
night—good by."

Mary took the children away to the
bed, for she saw that their mother wa
too ill to say more; but Mary did no
herself know how ill she was. Her mo
ther never spoke rightly afterwards, bu
talked in a confused way about som
debts, and one in particular, which sh
owed to a school-mistress for Mary
schooling; and then she charged Ma
to go and pay it, because she was n
able to *go in* with it. At the end of th
week she was dead and buried; an
the orphans were left alone in the
cabin.

The two youngest girls, Peggy an
Nancy, were six and seven years ol

Edmund was not yet nine, but he was a stout-grown, healthy boy, and well-disposed to work. He had been used to bring home turf from the bog on his back, to lead car-horses, and often to go on errands for gentlemen's families, who paid him sixpence or a shilling, according to the distance which he went: so that Edmund, by some or other of these little employments, was, as he said, likely enough to earn his bread; and he told Mary, to have a good heart, for that he should every year grow able to do more and more, and that he should never forget his mother's words, when she last gave him her blessing, and joined their hands all together.

As for Peggy and Nancy, it was little that they could do; but they were good children: and Mary, when

she considered that so much depended upon her, was resolved to exert herself to the utmost. Her first care was to pay those debts which her mother had mentioned to her, for which she left money done up carefully in separate papers. When all these were paid away, there was not enough left to pay both the rent of the cabin, and a year's schooling for herself and sisters, which was due to the school-mistress in a neighbouring village.

Mary was in hopes, that the rent would not be called for immediately; but in this she was disappointed. Mr. Harvey, the gentleman on whose estate she lived, was in England, and in his absence, all was managed by a Mr. Hopkins, an agent, who was a *hard man**. The driver came to

* A hard-hearted man.

Mary about a week after her mother's death, and told her, that the rent must be brought in the next day, and that she must leave the cabin, for a new tenant was coming into it; that she was too young to have a house to herself, and that the only thing she had to do was, to get some neighbour to take her and her brother and sisters in, for charity's sake.

The driver finished by hinting, that she would not be so hardly used, if she had not brought upon herself the ill-will of Miss Alice, the agent's daughter. Mary, it is true, had refused to give Miss Alice a goat, upon which she had set her fancy; but this was the only offence of which she had been guilty, and, at the time she refused it, her mother wanted

the goat's milk, which was the only thing she then liked to drink.

Mary went immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent, to pay her rent; and she begged of him to let her stay another year in her cabin; but this he refused. It was now the 25th of September, and he said, that the new tenant must come in on the 29th; so that she must quit it directly. Mary could not bear the thoughts of begging any of the neighbours to take her and her brother and sisters in *for charity's sake*, for the neighbours were all poor enough themselves: so she bethought herself, that she might find shelter in the ruins of the old castle of Rossmore, where she and her brother, in better times, had often played at hide-and-seek. The kitchen, and two other rooms near it, were yet

covered-in tolerably well; and a little thatch, she thought, would make them comfortable through the winter. The agent consented to let her and her brother and sisters go in there, upon her paying him half a guinea in hand, and promising to pay the same yearly.

Into these lodgings the orphans now removed, taking with them two bedsteads, a stool, chair, and a table, a sort of press, which contained what little clothes they had, and a chest, in which they had two hundred of meal. The chest was carried for them by some of the charitable neighbours, who likewise added to their scanty stock of potatoes and turf, what would make it last through the winter.

These children were well thought of and pitied, because their mother was known to have been all her life honest

and industrious. "Sure," says one of the neighbours, "we can do no less than give a helping hand to the poor orphans, that are so ready to help themselves."—So one helped to thatch the room in which they were to sleep, and another took their cow to graze upon his bit of land, on condition of having half the milk; and one and all said, they should be welcome to take share of their potatoes and buttermilk, if they should find their own ever fall short.

The half guinea which Mr. Hopkins, the agent, required for letting Mary into the castle, was part of what she had to pay to the school-mistress, to whom above a guinea was due. Mary went to her, and took her goat along with her, and offered it in part of payment of the debt, as she had no more money left; but the school-mistress

would not receive the goat. She said, that she could afford to wait for her money, till Mary was able to pay it; that she knew her to be an honest, industrious little girl, and she would trust her with more than a guinea. Mary thanked her; and she was glad to take the goat home again, as she was very fond of it.

Now being settled in their house, they went every day regularly to work: Mary spun nine cuts a-day, besides doing all that was to be done in the house; Edmund got fourpence a-day by his work; and Peggy and Anne earned two-pence a-piece at the paper-mills near Navan, where they were employed to sort rags, and to cut them into small pieces.

When they had done work one day, Anne went to the master of the paper-

mill, and asked him if she might have two sheets of large white paper, which were lying on the press; she offered a penny for the paper, but the master would not take any thing from her, but gave her the paper, when he found that she wanted it to make a garland for her mother's grave. Anne and Peggy cut out the garland, and Mary, when it was finished, went along with them and Edmund, to put it up: it was just a month after their mother's death.*

It happened that, at the time the orphans were putting up this garland, two young ladies, who were returning home after their evening walk, stopped at the gate of the church-yard, to look

* Garlands are usually put on the graves of *young* people: these children, perhaps, did not know this.

at the red light which the setting sun cast upon the window of the church. As the ladies were standing at the gate, they heard a voice near them crying—"O mother! mother! Are you gone for ever?"—They could not see any one; so they walked softly round to the other side of the church, and there they saw Mary, kneeling beside a grave, on which her brother and sisters were hanging their white garlands.

The children all stood still when they saw the two ladies passing near them; but Mary did not know anybody was passing, for her face was hid in her hands.

Isabella and Caroline (so these ladies were called) would not disturb the poor children, but they stopped in the village to inquire about them. It was at the house of the school-mistress, that they stopped; and she gave them a

good account of these orphans; she particularly commended Mary's honesty, in having immediately paid all her mother's debts to the utmost farthing, as far as her money would go; she told the ladies, how Mary had been turned out of her house, and how she had offered her goat, of which she was very fond, to discharge a debt due for her schooling; and, in short, the schoolmistress, who had known Mary for several years, spoke so well of her, that these ladies resolved, that they would go to the old castle of Rossmore, to see her, the next day.

When they went there, they found the room, in which the children lived, as clean and neat as such a ruined place could be made. Edmund was out working with a farmer, Mary was spinning, and her little sisters were measur-

ing out some bog-berries, of which they had gathered a basket-full, for sale.—Isabella, after telling Mary what an excellent character she had heard of her, inquired what it was she most wanted; and Mary said, that she had just worked up all her flax, and she was most in want of more flax for her wheel.

Isabella promised, that she would send her a fresh supply of flax, and Caroline bought the bog-berries from the little girls, and gave them money enough to buy a pound of coarse cotton for knitting, as Mary said that she could teach them how to knit.

The supply of flax, which Isabella sent the next day, was of great service to Mary, as it kept her in employment for above a month: and when she sold the yarn which she had spun with it, she had money enough to buy some warm flan-

nel, for winter wear.—Besides spinning well, she had learned, at school, to do plain-work tolerably neatly, and Isabella and Caroline employed her to work for them; by which she earned a great deal more than she could by spinning. At her leisure hours she taught her sisters to read and write; and Edmund, with part of the money which he earned by his work out of doors, paid a schoolmaster for teaching him a little arithmetic. When the winter-nights came on he used to light his rush candles for Mary to work by. He had gathered and stripped a good provision of rushes in the month of August; and a neighbour gave him grease to dip them in.

One evening, just as he had lighted his candle, a footman came in, who was sent by Isabella with some plain-work to Mary. This servant was an English

man; and he was but newly come over to Ireland. The rush-candles caught his attention; for he had never seen any of them before, as he came from a part of England where they were not used*.

* See Whyte's "Natural History of Selbourne," page 198, quarto edition. This eloquent, well-informed, and benevolent writer, thought that no subject of rural economy, which could be of general utility, was beneath his notice. We cannot forbear quoting from him the following passage:—

"The proper species of rush for *our* purpose seems to be the *juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in the best condition in the height of summer, but may be gathered so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add, that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and child-

Edmund, who was ready to oblige, and proud that his candles were noticed, showed the Englishman how they

ren, make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut, they must be flung into water, and kept there; for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib, from top to bottom, that may support the pith: but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar, even to children: and we have seen an old woman, stone blind, performing this business with great dispatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun. Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease; but this knack is also to be attained by practice...A pound of common grease may be procured for four-pence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one

were made, and gave him a bundle of rushes. The servant was pleased with his good-nature in this trifling instance,

pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency, and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer. Mutton suet would have the same effect.

"A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour...In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account, each rush, before dipping, costs $\frac{1}{33}$ of a farthing, and $\frac{1}{11}$ afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five hours and a half of comfortable

and remembered it long after it was forgotten by Edmund.

Whenever his master wanted to send a messenger any where, Gilbert (for that

light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me, that one pound and a half of rushes completely supply his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by day-light.

"Little farmers use rushes much in the short days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen: but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing, open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus they have only two hours light for their money, instead of eleven."

If Mr. Whyte had taken the trouble of extending his calculations, he would have found, that the seemingly trifling article of economy which he recommends, would save to the nation a sum equal to the produce of a burdensome tax.

was the servant's name) always employed his little friend Edmund, whom, upon further acquaintance, he liked better and better. He found that Edmund was both quick and exact in executing commissions. One day, after he had waited a great while at a gentleman's house for an answer to a letter, he was so impatient to get home, that he ran off without it. When he was questioned by Gilbert, why he did not bring an answer, he did not attempt to make any excuse: he did not say, "*There was no answer, please your honour*," or, "*They bid me not wait*," &c. but he told exactly the truth; and though Gilbert scolded him for being so impatient as not to wait, yet his telling the truth was more to the boy's advantage, than any excuse he could have made. After this, he was always be-

lieved when he said, "*There was no answer*," or, "*They bid me not wait*;" for Gilbert knew, that he would not tell a lie to save himself from being scolded.

The orphans continued to assist one another in their work, according to their strength and abilities; and they went on in this manner for three years; and with what Mary got by her spinning and plain-work, and Edmund by leading of car-horses, going on errands, &c. and with little Peggy and Anne's earnings, the family contrived to live comfortably. Isabella and Caroline often visited them, and sometimes gave them clothes, and sometimes flax or cotton for their spinning and knitting; and these children did not *expect*, that, because the ladies did something for them, they should do every thing: they did not grow idle or wasteful.

When Edmund was about twelve years old, his friend Gilbert sent for him one day, and told him, that his master had given him leave to have a boy in the house to assist him, and that his master told him he might choose one in the neighbourhood. Several were anxious to get into such a good place; but Gilbert said, that he preferred Edmund before them all, because he knew him to be an industrious, honest, good-natured lad, who always told the truth. So Edmund went into service at *the vicarage*; and his master was the father of Isabella and Caroline. He found his new way of life very pleasant; for he was well fed, well clothed, and well treated; and he every day learned more of his business, in which at first he was rather awkward. He was mindful to do all that Mr. Gilbert required of him; and he was so obliging to all his fellow-

servants, that they could not help liking him; but there was one thing, which was at first rather disagreeable to him: he was obliged to wear shoes and stockings, and they hurt his feet. Besides this, when he waited at dinner he made such a noise in walking, that his fellow-servants laughed at him. He told his sister Mary of this his distress, and she made for him, after many trials, a pair of cloth shoes, with soles of plaited hemp*. In these he could walk without making the least noise; and as these shoes could not be worn out of doors, he was always sure to change them before he went out of doors; and consequently he had always clean shoes to wear in the house. It was soon remarked by the men-servants

* The author has seen a pair of shoes, such as are here described, made in a few hours.

that he had left off clumping so heavily; and it was observed by the maids, that he never dirtied the stairs or passages with his shoes. When he was praised for these things, he said it was his sister Mary who should be thanked, and not he; and he showed the shoes which she had made for him.

Isabella's maid bespoke a pair immediately, and sent Mary a piece of pretty calico for the outside. The last-maker made a last for her, and over this Mary sewed the calico vamps tight. Her brother advised her, to try platted packthread instead of hemp for the soles; and she found, that this looked more neat than the hemp soles, and was likely to last longer. She plaited the packthread together in stands of about half an inch thick; and these were sewed firmly together at the bottom of

the shoe. When they were finished, they fitted well, and the maid showed them to her mistress. Isabella and Caroline were so well pleased with Mary's ingenuity and kindness to her brother, that they bespoke from her two dozen of these shoes, and gave her three yards of coloured fustian to make them of, and galoon for the binding. When the shoes were completed, Isabella and Caroline disposed of them for her amongst their acquaintance, and got three shillings a pair for them. The young ladies, as soon as they had collected the money, walked to the old castle, where they found every thing neat and clean as usual. They had great pleasure in giving to this industrious girl the reward of her ingenuity, which she received with some surprise and more gratitude. They advised her to continue the shoe-making

trade, as they found the shoes were liked, and they knew that they could have a sale for them at the *Repository* in Dublin.

Mary, encouraged by these kind friends, went on with her little manufacture with increased activity. Peggy and Anne plaited the packthread, and pasted the vamps and the lining together ready for her. Edmund was allowed to come home for an hour every morning, provided he was back again before eight o'clock. It was summer-time, and he got up early, because he liked to go home to see his sisters, and he took his share in the manufactory. It was his business to hammer the soles flat: and as soon as he came home every morning, he performed his task with so much cheerfulness, and sung so merrily at his work, that the hour of his arrival

was always an hour of joy to the family.

Mary had presently employment enough upon her hands. Orders came to her for shoes from many families in the neighbourhood, and she could not get them finished fast enough. She, however, in the midst of her hurry, found time to make a very pretty pair with neat roses as a present for her school-mistress, who, now that she saw her pupil in a good way of business, consented to receive the amount of her old debt. Several of the children, who went to her school, were delighted with the sight of Mary's present, and went to the little manufactory at Rossmore castle, to find out how these shoes were made. Some went from curiosity, others from idleness; but when they saw how happy the little shoe-makers

seemed whilst busy at work, they longed to take some share in what was going forward. One begged Mary to let her plait some packthread for the soles; another helped Peggy and Anne to paste in the linings; and all who could get employment were pleased, for the idle ones were shoved out of the way. It became a custom with the children of the village, to resort to the old castle at their play-hours; and it was surprising to see how much was done by ten or twelve of them, each doing but a little at a time.

One morning Edmund and the little manufacturers were assembled very early, and they were busy at their work, all sitting round the meal-chest, which served them for a table.

"My hands must be washed," said George, a little boy who came running in; "I ran so fast that I might be in

time to go to work along with you all, that I tumbled down, and look how I have dirtied my hands. Most haste worst speed. My hands must be washed before I can do any thing."

Whilst George was washing his hands, two other little children, who had just finished their morning's work, came to him to beg that he would blow some soap-bubbles for them, and they were all three eagerly blowing bubbles, and watching them mount into the air, when suddenly they were startled by a noise, as loud as thunder: they were in a sort of outer court of the castle, next to the room in which all their companions were at work, and they ran precipitately into the room, exclaiming, "Did you hear that noise?"

"I thought I heard a clap of thunder," said Mary: "but why do you look so frightened?"

As she finished speaking, another and a louder noise, and the walls round about them shook. The children turned pale, and stood motionless; but Edmund threw down his hammer, and ran out to see what was the matter. Mary followed him, and they saw that a great chimney of the old ruins at the farthest side of the castle had fallen down, and this was the cause of the prodigious noise.

The part of the castle in which they lived, seemed, as Edmund said, to be perfectly safe; but the children of the village were terrified, and thinking that the whole would come tumbling down directly, they ran to their homes as fast as they could. Edmund, who was a courageous lad, and proud of showing his courage, laughed at their cowardice; but Mary, who was very prudent, per-

suaded her brother to ask an experienced mason, who was building at his master's, to come and give his opinion, whether their part of the castle was safe to live in or not. The mason came, and gave it as his opinion, that the rooms they inhabited might last through the winter, but that no part of the ruins could stand another year. Mary was sorry to leave a place of which she had grown fond, poor as it was, having lived in it in peace and content ever since her mother's death, which was now nearly four years; but she determined to look out for some other place to live in; and she had now money enough to pay the rent of a comfortable cabin. Without losing any time, she went to a village that was at the end of the avenue leading to *the vicarage*, for she wished to get a lodging in this village, because

it was so near to her brother, and to the ladies who had been so kind to her; she found, that there was one newly-built house in this village unoccupied; it belonged to Mr. Harvey, her landlord, who was still in England; it was slated and neatly fitted up within side; but the rent of it was six guineas a year, and this was far above what Mary could afford to pay; three guineas a year she thought was the highest rent, for which she could venture to engage; besides, she heard that several proposals had been made to Mr. Harvey for this house; and she knew, that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was not her friend, therefore she despaired of getting it. There was no other to be had in this village. Her brother was still more vexed than she was, that sh- could not find a place near him. He offered to

give a guinea yearly towards the rent out of his wages; and Mr. Gilbert spoke about it for him to the steward, and inquired whether amongst any of those who had given in proposals, there might not be one, who would be content with a part of the house, and who would join with Mary in paying the rent. None could be found but a woman, who was a great scold, and a man who was famous for going to law about every trifle with his neighbours. Mary did not choose to have any thing to do with these people; she did not like to speak either to Miss Isabella or Caroline about it, because she was not of an encroaching temper; and when they had done so much for her, she would have been ashamed to beg for more. She returned home to the old castle, mortified that she had no good news

to tell Anne and Peggy, who she knew expected to hear, that she had found a nice house for them in the village near their brother.

"Bad news for you, Peggy," cried she, as soon as she got home.

"And bad news for you, Mary," replied her sisters, who looked very sorrowful.

"What's the matter?"

"Your poor goat is dead," replied Peggy; "there she is yonder lying under the great corner-stone; you can just see her leg. We cannot lift the stone from off her, it is so heavy. Betsy (*one of the neighbours' girls*) says she remembers, when she came to us to work early this morning, she saw the goat rubbing itself, and butting with its horns against that old tottering chimney."

"Many's the time," said Mary, "that I have driven the poor thing away from that place; I was always afraid she would shake that great ugly stone down upon her at last."

The goat, who had long been the favourite of Mary and her sisters, was lamented by them all. When Edmund came, he helped them to move the great stone from off the poor animal, who was crushed so as to be a terrible sight. As they were moving away this stone, in order to bury the goat, Anne found an odd-looking piece of money, which seemed neither like a halfpenny, nor a shilling, nor a guinea.

"Here are more, a great many more of them," cried Peggy; and upon searching amongst the rubbish, they discovered a small iron pot, which seemed as if it had been filled with these coins,

as a vast number of them were found about the spot where it fell. On examining these coins, Edmund thought that several of them looked like gold, and the girls exclaimed with great joy—"O Mary! Mary! this is come to us just in right time—now you can pay for the slated house. Never was any thing so lucky!"

But Mary, though nothing could have pleased her better than to have been able to pay for the house, observed, that they could not honestly touch any of this treasure, as it belonged to the owner of the castle. Edmund agreed with her, that they ought to carry it all immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent. Peggy and Anne were convinced by what Mary said, and they begged to go along with her and their brother, to take the coins to Mr. Hopkins. In their way

they stopped at the vicarage, to show the treasure to Mr. Gilbert, who took it to the young ladies, Isabella and Caroline, and told them how it had been found.

It is not only by their superior riches, but it is yet more by their superior knowledge, that persons in the higher ranks of life may assist those in a lower condition.

Isabella, who had some knowledge of chemistry, discovered, by touching the coins with *aqua regia* (the only acid which affects gold), that several of them were of gold, and consequently of great value. Caroline also found out, that many of the coins were very valuable as curiosities. She recollected her father's having shown to her the prints of the coins at the end of each king's reign, in Rapin's History of England; and upon

comparing these impressions with the coins found by the orphans, she perceived, that many of them were of the reign of Henry the Seventh.

People who are fond of collecting coins set a great value on these, as they are very scarce. Isabella and Caroline knowing something of the character of Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had the precaution to count the coins, and to mark each of them with a cross, so small that it was scarcely visible to the naked eye, though it was easily to be seen through a magnifying glass. They also begged their father, who was well acquainted with Mr. Harvey, the gentleman to whom Rossmore Castle belonged, to write to him, and tell him how well these orphans had behaved about the treasure which they had found. The

value of the coins was estimated at about thirty or forty guineas.

A few days after the fall of the chimney at Rossmore Castle, as Mary and her sisters were sitting at their work, there came hobbling in an old woman, leaning on a crab-stick, that seemed to have been newly cut: she had a broken tobacco-pipe in her mouth; her head was wrapped up in two large red and blue handkerchiefs, with their crooked corners hanging far down over the back of her neck, no shoes on her broad feet, nor stockings on her many-coloured legs; her petticoat was jagged at the bottom, and the skirt of her gown turned up over her shoulders, to serve instead of her cloak, which she had sold for whiskey. This old woman was well known amongst the country

people by the name of *Goody Grope**: because she had, for many years, been in the habit of groping in old castles, and in moats†, and at the bottom of a round tower‡ in the neighbourhood, in search of treasure. In her youth she had heard some one talking, in a whisper, of an old prophecy, found in a bog, which said that, "before many St. Patrick's days should come about, there would be found a treasure under ground, by one within twenty miles round."

* *Goody* is not a word used in Ireland; *Collyogh* is the Irish appellation of an old woman: but as *Collyogh* might sound strangely to English ears, we have translated it by the word Goody.

† What are in Ireland called moats, are, in England, called Danish mounts, or barrows.

‡ Near Kells, in Ireland, there is a round tower, which was in imminent danger of being pulled down by an old woman's rooting at its foundation, in hopes of finding treasure.

This prophecy made a deep impression upon her; she also dreamed of it three times: and as the dream, she thought, was a sure token that the prophecy was to come true, she, from that time forwards, gave up her spinning-wheel and her knitting, and could think of nothing but hunting for the treasure, that was to be found by one "*within twenty miles round.*"—Year after year St. Patrick's day came about, without her ever finding a farthing by all her groping; and as she was always idle, she grew poorer and poorer; besides, to comfort herself for her disappointments, and to give her spirits for fresh searches, she took to drinking: she sold all she had by degrees; but still she fancied, that the lucky day would come sooner or later, *that would pay for all.*

Goody Grope however reached her sixtieth year, without ever seeing this lucky day; and now, in her old age, she was a beggar, without a house to shelter her, a bed to lie on, or food to put into her mouth, but what she begged from the charity of those who had trusted more than she had to industry, and less to *luck*.

"Ah! Mary, honey!—give me a potatoe, and a sup of something, for the love o' mercy; for not a bit have I had all day, except half a glass of whiskey, and a half-pennyworth of tobacco!"

Mary immediately set before her some milk, and picked a good potatoe out of the bowl for her; she was sorry to see such an old woman in such a wretched condition. Goody Grope said she would rather have spirits of some kind or other than milk; but Mary had no

spirits to give her; so she sat herself down close to the fire, and after she had sighed and groaned, and smoked for some time, she said to Mary—

"Well, and what have you done with the treasure you had the luck to find?"

Mary told her, that she had carried it to Mr. Hopkins, the agent.

"That's not what I would have done in your place," replied the old woman.—"When good-luck came to you, what a shame to turn your back upon it!—But it is idle talking of what's done—that's past—but I'll try my luck in this here castle before next St. Patrick's day comes about: I was told it was more than twenty miles from our bog, or I would have been here long ago:—but better late than never."

Mary was much alarmed, and not without reason, at this speech: for she

knew, that if Goody Grope once set to work at the foundation of the old castle of Rossmore, she would soon bring it all down. It was in vain to talk to Goody Grope of the danger of burying herself under the ruins, or of the improbability of her meeting with another pot of gold coins. She set her elbow upon her knees, and stopping her ears with her hands, bid Mary and her sisters not to waste their breath advising their elders; for that, let them say what they would, she would fall to work the next morning; "*barring** you'll make it worth my while to let it alone."

"And what will make it worth your while to let it alone?" said Mary, who saw, that she must either get into a quarrel, or give up her habitation, or

* Unless.

comply with the conditions of this provoking old woman.

Half a crown, Goody Grope said, was the least she could be content to take.

Mary paid the half-crown, and was in hopes she had got rid for ever of her tormentor: but she was mistaken; for scarcely was the week at an end, before the old woman appeared before her again, and repeated her threats of falling to work the next morning, unless she had something given to her to buy tobacco.

The next day, and the next, and the next, Goody Grope came on the same errand; and poor Mary, who could ill afford to supply her constantly with halfpence, at last exclaimed—"I am sure the finding of this treasure has not been any good-luck to us, but quite the contrary; and I wish we never had found it."

Mary did not yet know how much she was to suffer on account of this unfortunate pot of gold coins. Mr. Hopkins, the agent, imagined, that no one knew of the discovery of this treasure but himself and these poor children, so, not being as honest as they were, he resolved to keep it for his own use. He was surprised, some weeks afterwards, to receive a letter from his employer, Mr. Harvey, demanding from him the coins which had been discovered at Rossmore castle. Hopkins had sold the gold chains, and some of the others; but he flattered himself that the children, and the young ladies to whom he now found they had been shown, could not tell whether what they had seen were gold or not; and he was not in the least apprehensive, that those of Henry the Seventh's reign should be reclaimed

from him, as he thought they had escaped attention. So he sent over the silver coins, and others of little value, and apologized for his not having mentioned them before, by saying, that he considered them as mere rubbish.

Mr. Harvey, in reply, observed, that he could not consider as rubbish the gold coins which were amongst them when they were discovered; and he inquired why these cold coins, and those of the reign of Henry the Seventh, were not now sent to him.

Mr. Hopkins denied that he had ever received any such; but he was thunderstruck when Mr. Harvey, in reply to this falsehood, sent him a list of the coins which the orphans had deposited with him, and exact drawings of those that were missing. He informed him, that this list and these drawings came

from two ladies, who had seen the coins in question.

Mr. Hopkins thought, that he had no means of escape but by boldly persisting in falsehood. He replied, that it was very likely such coins had been found at Rossmore castle, and that the ladies alluded to had probably seen them; but he positively declared, that they never came to his hands; that he had restored all that were deposited with him; and that as to the others, he supposed they must have been taken out of the pot by the children, or by Edmund or Mary in their way from the ladies' house to his.

The orphans were shocked and astonished when they heard, from Isabella and Caroline, the charge that was made against them: they looked at one another in silence for some moments; then

Peggy exclaimed—"*Sure!* Mr. Hopkins has forgotten himself strangely!—Does not he remember Edmund's counting the things to him upon the great table in his hall, and we all standing by?—I remember it as well as if it was this instant."

"And so do I," cried Anne. "And don't you recollect, Mary, your picking out the gold ones, and telling Mr. Hopkins, that they were gold; and he said you knew nothing of the matter; and I was going to tell him, that Miss Isabella had tried them, and knew that they were gold; but just then there came in some tenants to pay their rent, and he pushed us out, and twitched from my hand the piece of gold, which I had taken up to show him the bright spot, which Miss Isabella had cleaned by the stuff that she had poured on it?

I believe he was afraid I should steal it, he twitched it from my hand in such a hurry.—Do, Edmund, do, Mary—let us go to him, and put him in mind of all this."

"I'll go to him no more," said Edmund, sturdily. "He is a bad man—I'll never go to him again.—Mary, don't be cast down—we have no need to be cast down—we are honest."

"True," said Mary; "but is not it a hard case that we, who have lived, as my mother did all her life before us, in peace and honesty with all the world, should now have our good name taken from us, when——"—Mary's voice faltered and stopped.

"It can't be taken from us," cried Edmund, "poor orphans though we are, and he a rich gentleman, as he calls him-

self. Let him say and do what he will, he can't hurt our good name."

Edmund was mistaken, alas! and Mary had but too much reason for her fears. The affair was a great deal talked of; and the agent spared no pains to have the story told his own way. The orphans, conscious of their own innocence, took no pains about the matter; and the consequence was, that all who knew them well, had no doubt of their honesty; but many who knew nothing of them, concluded that the agent must be in the right, and the children in the wrong. The buzz of scandal went on for some time without reaching their ears, because they lived very retiredly: but one day, when Mary went to sell some stockings of Peggy's knitting, at the neighbouring fair, the man to whom she sold them bid her

write her name on the back of a note, and exclaimed, on seeing it—"Ho! ho! mistress: I'd not have had any dealings with you, had I known your name sooner:—Where's the gold that you found at Rossmore castle?"

It was in vain that Mary related the fact; she saw that she gained no belief, as her character was not known to this man, or to any of those who were present. She left the fair as soon as she could; and though she struggled against it, she felt very melancholy. Still she exerted herself every day at her little manufacture; and she endeavoured to console herself by reflecting, that she had two friends left, who would not give up her character, and who continued steadily to protect her and her sisters.

Isabella and Caroline every where asserted their belief in the integrity of the

orphans; but to prove it was in this instance out of their power. Mr. Hopkins the agent, and his friends, constantly repeated, that the gold coins were taken away in coming from their house to his; and these ladies were blamed by many people for continuing to countenance those that were, with great reason, suspected to be thieves. The orphans were in a worse condition than ever when the winter came on, and their benefactresses left the country, to spend some months in Dublin. The old castle it was true, was likely to last through the winter, as the mason said; but though the want of a comfortable house to live in was, a little while ago, the uppermost thing in Mary's thoughts, now it was not so.

One night, as Mary was going to bed, she heard some one knocking hard

at the door:—"Mary, are you up?—let us in,"—cried a voice, which she knew to be the voice of Betsy Green, the post-master's daughter, who lived in the village near them.

She let Betsy in, and asked what she could want at such a time of night.

"Give me sixpence, and I'll tell you," said Betsy: "but waken Anne and Peggy.——Here's a letter just come by the post for you, and I stepped over to you with it; because I guessed you'd be glad to have it, seeing it is your brother's hand-writing."

Peggy and Anne were soon roused, when they heard that there was a letter from Edmund. It was by one of his rush-candles that Mary read it; and the letter was as follows:—

"Dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg,

"Joy! joy!—I always said the truth

would come out at last; and that he could not take our good name from us. —But I will not tell you how it all came about till we meet, which will be next week, as we are (I mean master and mistress, and the young ladies,—Bless them! and Mr. Gilbert and I) are coming down to the vicarage to keep the Christmas:—and a happy Christmas 'tis likely to be for honest folks: as for they that are not honest, it is not for them to expect to be happy, at Christmas or any other time.—You shall know all when we meet: so, till then, fare ye well, dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg!

"Your joyful and affectionate brother,

"EDMUND."

To comprehend why Edmund is joyful, our readers must be informed of certain things which happened after

Isabella and Caroline went to Dublin.—One morning they went with their father and mother to see the magnificent library of a nobleman, who took generous and polite pleasure in thus sharing the advantages of his wealth and station with all who had any pretensions to science or literature. Knowing that the gentleman, who was now come to see his library, was skilled in antiquities, the nobleman opened a drawer of medals, to ask his opinion concerning the age of some coins, which he had lately purchased at a high price. They were the very same which the orphans had found at Rossmore castle. Isabella and Caroline knew them again instantly; and as the cross, which Isabella had made on each of them, was still visible through a magnifying glass, there could be no possibility of doubt.

The nobleman, who was much interested both by the story of these orphans, and the manner in which it was told to him, sent immediately for the person from whom he had purchased the coins. He was a Jew broker. At first he refused to tell from whom he got them, because he had bought them, he said, under a promise of secrecy. Being further pressed, he acknowledged, that it was made a condition in his bargain, that he should not sell them to any one in Ireland; but that he had been tempted by the high price Lord ——— had offered.

At last, when the Jew was informed that the coins were stolen, and that he would be proceeded against as a receiver of stolen goods, if he did not confess the whole truth, he declared, that he had purchased them from a gentle-

man, whom he had never seen before or since; but he added, that he could swear to his person, if he saw him again.

Now, Mr. Hopkins the agent was at this time in Dublin, and Caroline's father posted the Jew, the next day, in the back parlour of a banker's house, with whom Mr. Hopkins had, on this day, appointed to settle some accounts. —Mr. Hopkins came—the Jew knew him—swore that he was the man who had sold the coins to him;—and thus the guilt of the agent, and the innocence of the orphans, were completely proved.

A full account of all that happened was sent to England to Mr. Harvey, their landlord; and, a few posts afterwards, there came a letter from him, containing a dismissal of the dishonest agent, and a reward for the honest and industrious orphans. Mr. Harvey de-

sired, that Mary and her sisters might have the slated house, rent free, from this time forward, under the care of the ladies Isabella and Caroline, as long as Mary or her sisters should carry on in it any useful business. This was the joyful news which Edmund had to tell his sisters.

All the neighbours shared in their joy; and the day of their removal from the ruins of Rossmore castle to their new house was the happiest of the Christmas holidays. They were not envied for their prosperity; because every body saw that it was the reward of their good conduct; every body except Goody Grope: she exclaimed, as she wrung her hands with violent expressions of sorrow—"Bad luck to me! bad luck to me!—Why didn't I go sooner to that there castle? It is all luck, all luck in this

world; but I never had no luck. Think of the luck of these *childer*, that have found a pot of gold, and such great grand friends, and a slated house, and all: and here am I, with scarce a rag to cover me, and not a potatoe to put into my mouth!—I, that have been looking under ground all my days for treasure, not to have a half-penny at the last, to buy me tobacco!"

"That is the very reason that you have not a half-penny," said Betsy: "here Mary has been working hard, and so have her two little sisters and her brother, for these five years past; and they have made money for themselves by their own industry—and friends too—not by luck, but by——"

"Phoo! phoo!" interrupted Goody Grope; "don't be prating; don't I know, as well as you do, that they found

a pot of gold, by *good-luck*; and is not that the cause why they are going to live in the slated house now?"

"No," replied the postmaster's daughter; "this house is given to them *as a reward*—that was the word in the letter, for I saw it, Edmund showed it to me, and will show it to any one that wants to see. This house was given to them "*as a reward for their honesty.*"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT;

OR,

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

MR. GRESHAM, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honourable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine, that a new house alone could make him happy: he did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance; for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children, and as he had no sons,

he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were about ten years old; they had been educated very differently: Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family; his father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of every thing than he used. He had been told, that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving:" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion, that extravagance is the sign of a generous,

and economy of an avaricious disposition.

Benjamin*, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight: his father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn, that economy ensures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those, who are not very rich, to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"O! what an excellent motto!"— exclaimed Ben, when he read the follow-

* Benjamin, so called from Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

ing words, which were written in large characters over the chimney-piece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen:—

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone;—"I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face."

Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us; and we did not know which way to go."

"And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham.

"No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness.

"No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord—Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal

stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force: "I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why how did ye get yours undone, man?—what's in your parcel?—I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"O, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal—look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same: it's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?"

"It is whip-cord," said Ben.

"Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for two-pence; and who cares for two-pence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlour door as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half cut, half entangled string—"here's the parcel."

"And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the string," said Ben.

"You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham.

"Thank you, sir," said Ben: "what an excellent whip-cord it is!"

"And you, Hal"—continued Mr. Gresham—"you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you."

"It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir," said Hal.

"No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings;—what shall we do for strings?"

"I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string, which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"O, how I wish I had but a string!" said Hal: "What shall I do for a string? —I'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!"

"But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?"

"I'll manage to do without one," said Hal: and he took the string off his hat for his top.—It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin, Ben, let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good-humour—"Come," said he, "it can't be helped: but give the string, be-

cause *that* may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards, that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, that is to say, who had frequently met her at the card-table during the winter, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons, who were *friends* of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or, at least, something to say.—Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of

his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady; and her two sons intended to be very *great* gentlemen.

He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall-door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me quick, can't you child," cried Hal, "for Lady Di.'s sons are waiting for me?"

Little Patty did not know any thing about Lady Di.'s sons; but as she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, she ran down stairs as fast as she possibly could, towards the landing place, where the handkerchief lay;—but, alas! before she reached

the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs; and, when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed, as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling down stairs.

"Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," said the little girl, touching her ancle, which she had decently covered with her gown: "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move."

"I'll carry you; don't move then," said her father; and he took her up in his arms.

"My shoe, I've lost one of my shoes," said she.

Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whip-cord, which was entangled round one of the bannisters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged, entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and down stairs, whipping the bannisters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better use; and, with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ancle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di. Sweepstake's sons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as she used to do; but she sat

upon the sofa, and she said, that "she did not feel the pain of her ancle so *much*, whilst Ben was so good as to play at *jack-straws* with her."

"That's right, Ben; never be ashamed of being good-natured to those who are younger and weaker than yourself," said his uncle, smiling at seeing him produce his whip-cord, to indulge his little cousin with a game at her favourite cat's-cradle. "I shall not think you one bit less manly, because I see you playing at cat's-cradle with a little child of six years old."

Hal, however, was not precisely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening, and saw Ben playing with his little cousin, he could not help smiling contemptuously, and asked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedless manner

he made some inquiries after Patty's sprained ancle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepstakes'—news which he thought would make him appear a person of vast importance.

"Do you know, uncle—Do you know, Ben," said he—"there's to be the most *famous* doings that ever were heard of upon the Downs here, the first day of next month, which will be in a fortnight, thank my stars! I wish the fortnight was over; I shall think of nothing else, I know, till that happy day comes!"

Mr. Gresham inquired, why the first of September was to be so much happier than any other day in the year.

"Why," replied Hal, "Lady Diana Sweepstakes, you know, is a *famous* rider, and archer, and *all that*——"

"Very likely," said Mr. Gresham, soberly;—"but what then?"

"Dear uncle!" cried Hal, "but you shall hear. There's to be a race upon the Downs the first of September, and after the race there's to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes is to be one of *them*. And after the ladies have done shooting—now, Ben, comes the best part of it!—we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di. is to give a prize, to the best marksman amongst us, of a very handsome bow and arrow! Do you know I've been practising already, and I'll show you to-morrow, as soon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow that Lady Diana has given me: but, perhaps," added he, with a scornful laugh, "you like a cat's-cradle better than a bow and arrow."

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment; but the next day, when Hal's new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him, that he knew how to use it very well.

"Ben," said his uncle, "you seem to be a good marksman, though you have not boasted of yourself. I'll give you a bow and arrow; and, perhaps, if you practise, you may make yourself an archer before the first of September; and, in the mean time, you will not wish the fortnight to be over, for you will have something to do."

"O, sir," interrupted Hal, "but if you mean that Ben should put in for the prize, he must have a uniform."

"Why *must* he?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Why, sir, because every body has— I mean every body that's any body;— and Lady Diana was talking about the

uniform all dinner-time, and it's settled all about it, except the buttons; the young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns: they are to be white, faced with green; and they'll look very handsome, I'm sure; and I shall write to mamma to-night, as Lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I shall tell her, to be sure to answer my letter, without fail, by return of the post; and then, if mamma makes no objection, which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expence, and *all that*—then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by the rapid vociferation with which this long speech about a uniform was pronounced.

"I don't pretend to understand these things," added he, with an air of simplicity; "but we will inquire, Ben, into the necessity of the case; and if it is necessary—or if you think it necessary, that you shall have a uniform—why—I'll give you one."

"*You*, uncle!—Will you, *indeed?*" exclaimed Hal, with amazement painted in his countenance. "Well, that's the last thing in the world I should have expected!—You are not at all the sort of person I should have thought would care about a uniform; and now I should have supposed, you'd have thought it extravagant to have a coat on purpose only for one day; and I'm sure Lady Diana Sweepstakes thought as I do: for when I told her of that motto over your kitchen chimney, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, she laughed, and said, that I had

better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper person to write to about my uniform: but I'll tell Lady Diana, uncle, how good you are, and how much she was mistaken."

"Take care how you do that," said Mr. Gresham; "for perhaps the lady was not mistaken."

"Nay, did not you say, just now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?"

"I said, I would, if he thought it necessary to have one."

"O, I'll answer for it, he'll think it necessary," said Hal, laughing, "because it is necessary."

"Allow him, at least, to judge for himself," said Mr. Gresham.

"My dear uncle, but I assure you," said Hal, earnestly, "there's no judging about the matter, because really, upon

my word, Lady Diana said distinctly, that her sons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats."

"May be so," said Mr. Gresham, still with the same look of calm simplicity; "put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman, whose sons are to be at this archery meeting; and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have seen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we shall have time enough to walk on to Bristol, and choose the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it is necessary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he says," whispered Hal, as he reached down his hat; "do you think, Ben, he means to give you this uniform, or not?"

"I think," said Ben, "that he means

to give me one, if it is necessary; or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that, to be sure you will; won't you? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter, as I, who have dined with Lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it, from beginning to end? and as for this gentleman that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows any thing about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do."

"We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure, which Hal could by no means comprehend, when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called, had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting; and they unanimously assured him, in

the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion; and that, amongst the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys, whose friends intended to be at such an *unnecessary* expense. Hal stood amazed.—" Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," said Mr. Gresham, looking at his nephews—" What amongst one set of people you hear asserted to be absolutely necessary, you will hear, from another set of people, is quite unnecessary—All that can be done, my dear boys, in these difficult cases, is to judge for yourselves, which opinions, and which people, are the most reasonable."

Hal, who had been more accustomed to think of what was fashionable than of what was reasonable, without at all

considering the good sense of what his uncle said to him, replied, with childish petulance, "Indeed, sir, I don't know what other people think; but I only know what Lady Diana Sweepstakes said."

The name of Lady Diana Sweepstakes, Hal thought, must impress all present with respect: he was highly astonished, when, as he looked round, he saw a smile of contempt upon every one's countenance: and he was yet further bewildered, when he heard her spoken of as a very silly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whose opinion no prudent person would ask upon any subject, and whose example was to be shunned, instead of being imitated.

"Aye, my dear Hal," said his uncle, smiling at his look of amazement, "these are some of the things that

young people must learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters: you will hear the same person admired in one company, and blamed in another; so that we must still come round to the same point, *Judge for yourself.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present, too full of the uniform, to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's Buildings towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments, which he had formerly used, respecting necessity, the uniform, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes.

To all this Mr. Gresham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the subject, which

had so strongly seized upon his imagination, had not his senses been forcibly assailed at this instant by the delicious odours and tempting sight of certain cakes and jellies in a pastry-cook's shop.

" O uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, " look at those jellies!" pointing to a confectioner's shop; " I must buy some of those good things; for I have got some halfpence in my pocket."

" Your having halfpence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling.

" But I really am hungry," said Hal; " you know, uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he

might judge of their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any halfpence in your pocket."

"I'm not hungry," said Ben.

"I suppose *that* means, that you've no halfpence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority, which he had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those who were convicted either of poverty or economy.

"Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmise, he happened to have two pennyworth of halfpence actually in his pocket. At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor industrious man with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing

his eye at the petitioner's well-worn broom, instantly produced his two-pence. "I wish I had more halfpence for you, my good man," said he; "but I've only two-pence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's, the confectioner's shop, with a hat-full of cakes in his hand.

Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wistful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake.

Hal, who was wasteful even in his good-nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who swallowed it for a single mouthful.

"There goes two-pence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal next offered some of his cakes to his uncle and cousin; but they thanked him, and refused to eat any, because,

they said, they were not hungry; so he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at last he stopped, and said, "This bun tastes so bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river.

"O, it is a pity to waste that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," said Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away."

"Why, I thought you said you were not hungry," said Hal.

"True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reason why I should never be hungry again."

"Well, there is the cake for you; take it; for it has made me sick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuse bit of his cousin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I'm beginning to be exceeding tired,

or sick, or something," said Hal, "and as there is a stand of coaches somewhere hereabouts, had not we better take a coach, instead of walking all the way to Bristol?"

"For a stout archer?" said Mr. Gresham: "you are more easily tired than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach; for Ben asked me to show him the cathedral yesterday; and I believe I should find it rather too much for me to walk so far, though I am not sick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" said Hal, after he had been seated in the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had somewhat recovered from his sickness.—"The cathedral! Why are we only going to Bristol to see the cathedral?—I thought we came out to see about a uniform."

There was a dulness, and melancholy kind of stupidity in Hal's countenance, as he pronounced these words like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and cousin burst out a laughing.

"Why," said Hal, who was now piqued, "I'm sure you *did* say, uncle, you would go to Mr. ***'s, to choose the cloth for the uniform."

"Very true; and so I will," said Mr. Gresham; "but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth?—Cannot we see a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning?"

They went first to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform, to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarrassed attention. He looked at

the large stained figures on the Gothic window; and he observed their coloured shadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Gresham, who perceived that he was eager on all subjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him several things about the lost art of painting on glass, Gothic arches, &c. which Hal thought extremely tiresome.

"Come! come! we shall be late indeed," said Hal; "surely you've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window."

"I'm only thinking about these coloured shadows," said Ben.

"I can show you, when we go home, Ben," said his uncle, "an entertaining paper upon such shadows*."

* Vide Priestley's History of Vision, chapter on coloured shadows.

"Hark!" cried Ben, "did you hear that noise?"

They all listened; and they heard a bird singing in the cathedral.

"It's our old robin, sir," said the lad, who had opened the cathedral door for them.

"Yes," said Mr. Gresham, "there he is, boys—look—perched upon the organ; he often sits there, and sings, whilst the organ is playing."—"And," continued the lad who showed the cathedral, "he has lived here these many, many winters*; they say, he is fifteen years old; and he is so tame, poor fellow, that, if I had a bit of bread, he'd come down and feed in my hand."

"I've a bit of a bun here," cried Ben joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal but an hour before

* This is true.

would have thrown away. "Pray let us see the poor robin eat out of your hand."

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and seemed rejoiced at the sight of the bread; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

"He is afraid of *us*," said Ben; "he is not used to eat before strangers, I suppose."

"Ah, no, sir," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that is not the thing: he is used enough to eat afore company; time was, he'd have come down for me, before ever so many fine folks, and have eat his crumbs out of my hand, at my first call; but, poor fellow, it's not his fault now: he does not know me now, sir, since my accident, because of this great black patch."

The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch.

Ben asked what *accident* he meant; and the lad told him, that, but a few weeks ago, he had lost the sight of his eyes by the stroke of a stone, which reached him as he was passing under the rocks of Clifton, unluckily, when the workmen were blasting.

"I don't mind so much for myself, sir," said the lad; "but I can't work so well now, as I used to do before my accident, for my old mother, who has had *a stroke* of the palsy; and I've a many little brothers and sisters, not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be as willing as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Hard by, sir, just close to the church here: it was *her* that always had the showing of it to strangers, till she lost the use of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, uncle, go that way?—This is the house; is not it?" said Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the house: it was rather a hovel than a house; but, poor as it was, it was as neat as misery could make it.

The old woman was sitting up in her wretched bed, winding worsted; four meagre, ill-clothed, pale children, were all busy, some of them sticking pins in paper for the pin-maker, and others sorting rags for the paper-maker.

"What a horrid place it is!" said Hal, sighing, "I did not know there were such shocking places in the world. I've

often seen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never saw the inside of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wish mamma would send me some more pocket-money, that I might do something for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I spent the last shilling of it this morning, upon those cakes that made me sick. I wish I had my shilling now, I'd give it to *these poor people*."

Ben, though he was all this time silent, was as sorry as his talkative cousin for all these poor people. But there was some difference between the sorrow of these two boys.

Hal, after he was again seated in the hackney-coach, and had rattled through the busy streets of Bristol for a few minutes, quite forgot the spectacle of misery which he had seen; and the gay shops in Wine-Street, and the idea of his green and white uniform wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms!" cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle stopped at the woollen-draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I'm very much obliged to you; but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat; and I think it would be waste."

"Well, let me get out of the carriage, and we will see about it," said

Mr. Gresham; "perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulette (have you ever considered the epaulettes?) may tempt you to change your mind."

"O no," said Ben, laughing; "I shall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulettes, were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes; then, showing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right."

"Ben, do you do it," said Hal, a little embarrassed; "I am not quick at figures."

Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiously.

"It is right, is it?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"Then by this calculation, I find I could, for less than half the money your uniforms would cost, purchase for each of you boys a warm great-coat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"O sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look; "but it is not winter *yet*; it is not cold weather *yet*. We shan't want great-coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yesterday, in that sharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs?—and winter will come, though it is not come yet—I am sure, I should like to have a good warm great-coat very much."

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of

his purse; and he placed three of them before Hal, and three before Ben.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas a-piece. Now I will lay out this money for you, just as you please. Hal, what say you?"

"Why, sir," said Hal, "a great-coat is a good thing, to be sure; and then, after the great-coat, as you said it would only cost half as much as the uniform, there would be some money to spare, would not there?"

"Yes, my dear, about five-and-twenty shillings."

"Five-and-twenty shillings!—I could buy and do a great many things, to be sure, with five-and-twenty shillings: but then, *the thing is,* I must go without the uniform, if I have the great-coat."

"Certainly," said his uncle.

"Ah!" said Hal, sighing, as he looked at the epaulette, "uncle, if you would not be displeased, if I choose the uniform——"

"I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best," said Mr. Gresham.

"Well, then, thank you, sir, I think I had better have the uniform, because if I have not the uniform now directly, it will be of no use to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great-coat, perhaps, between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, papa will buy a great-coat for me; and I'll ask mamma to give me some pocket-money to give away, and she will, perhaps."

To all this conclusive, conditional reasoning, which depended upon *per-*

haps, three times repeated, Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to Lady Diana Sweepstakes' sons' tailor, to be made up. The measure of Hal's happiness was now complete.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" said Mr. Gresham; "speak, what do you wish for first?"

"A great-coat, uncle, if you please."

Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and, after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained.

"What's next, my boy?" said his uncle.

"Arrows, uncle, if you please: three arrows."

"My dear, I promised you a bow and arrows."

"No, uncle, you only said a bow."

"Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are so exact, however. It is better to claim less than more than what is promised. The three arrows you shall have. But, go on; how shall I dispose of these five-and-twenty shillings for you?"

"In clothes, if you will be so good, uncle, for that poor boy, who has the great black patch on his eye."

"I always believed," said Mr. Gresham, shaking hands with Ben, "that economy and generosity were the best friends, instead of being enemies, as some silly, extravagant people would have us think them. Choose the poor blind boy's coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There's no occasion for my praising you about the matter: your best reward is in your own mind, child; and

you want no other, or I'm mistaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let's be off. We shall be late, I'm afraid," continued he, as the coach drove on; "but I must let you stop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy's door."

When they came to the house, Mr. Gresham opened the coach door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

"Stay, stay! you must take me with you," said his pleased uncle; "I like to see people made happy, as well as you do."

"And so do I too!" said Hal; "let me come with you. I almost wish my uniform was not gone to the tailor's, so I do."

And when he saw the look of delight and gratitude, with which the poor boy received the clothes which Ben gave

him; and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal sighed, and said, "Well, I hope mamma will give me some more pocket-money soon."

Upon his return home, however, the sight of the *famous* bow and arrow, which Lady Diana Sweepstakes had sent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wished that it had not been sent to the tailor's.

"But I don't understand, cousin Hal," said little Patty, "why you call this bow a *famous* bow: you say *famous* very often; and I don't know exactly what it means—a *famous* uniform—*famous* doings—I remember you said there are to be *famous* doings, the first of September upon the Downs—What does *famous* mean?"

"O, why *famous* means——Now

don't you know what *famous* means? —It means——It is a word that people say——It is the fashion to say it —It means—it means *famous*."

Patty laughed, and said, "*This* does not explain it to me."

"No," said Hal, "nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that's not my fault: every body but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there's no explaining *those sort* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the first of September; that is, grand, fine.—In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter?—Give me my bow; for I must go out upon the Downs, and practise."

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows which his uncle

had now given to him; and, every day, these two boys went out upon the Downs, and practised shooting with indefatigable perseverance. Where equal pains are taken, success is usually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by constant practice, became expert marksmen; and before the day of trial, they were so exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was scarcely possible to decide which was superior.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived. "What sort of a day is it?" was the first question that was asked by Hal and Ben, the moment that they awakened.

The sun shone bright! but there was a sharp and high wind.

"Ha!" said Ben, "I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day; for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the

Downs, especially when we are standing still, as we must, whilst all the people are shooting."

"O, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all," said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new green and white uniform; and he viewed himself with much complacency.

"Good morning to you, uncle; how do you do?" said he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfast-room.

How do you do? seemed rather to mean, How do you like me in my uniform?

And his uncle's cool, "Very well, I thank you, Hal," disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you.

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfast much as usual, and talked of

the pleasure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which interested her; so that Hal's epaulettes were not the principal object in any one's imagination but his own.

"Papa," said Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely: and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me; and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, to lift me over the very bad place where there are no stepping-stones. My ancle is entirely well, and I'm glad of that, or else I should not be able to walk so far as the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I sprained my ancle! you played at jack-straws, and at cat's-cradle, with me—O, that puts me in mind—Here are your gloves, which I asked you that

night to let me mend. I've been a great while about them, but are not they very neatly mended, papa?—look at the sewing."

"I am not a very good judge of sewing, my dear little girl," said Mr. Gresham, examining the work with a close and scrupulous eye; "but, in my opinion, here is one stitch, that is rather too long; the white teeth are not quite even."

"O, papa, I'll take out that long tooth in a minute," said Patty, laughing: "I did not think, that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly: "I observe every thing. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those who have been

kind to you; and for this I forgive you the long stitch."

"But it's out, it's out, papa," said Patty; "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on; "and I am much obliged to you; I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well when my hands are numbed. Look, Hal—you know how ragged these gloves were; you said they were good for nothing but to throw away; now look, there's not a hole in them," said he, spreading his fingers.

"Now, is it not very extraordinary," said Hal to himself, "that they should go on so long talking about an old pair of gloves, without scarcely saying a word

about my new uniform? Well, the young Sweepstakes and Lady Diana will talk enough about it; that's one comfort."

"Is not it time to think of setting out, sir?" said Hal to his uncle; "the company, you know, are to meet at the Ostrich at twelve, and the race to begin at one, and Lady Diana's horses, I know, were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman in his calculations—"There's a poor lad, sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him, they were just going out with you, but he says he won't detain them above half a minute."

"Show him up, show him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen mistook, when he said the young *gentlemen*; he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes — O Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben;—and well he may!"

The boy bowed, without any cringing civility, but with an open, decent freedom in his manner, which expressed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made

as little distinction as possible between his bows to the two cousins.

"As I was sent with a message, by the clerk of our parish, to Redland chapel, out on the Downs, to-day, sir," said he to Mr. Gresham, "knowing your house lay in my way, my mother, sir, bid me call, and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worsted balls that she has worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two worsted balls worked in green and orange-coloured stripes: "they are but poor things, sir, she bid me say, to look at, but, considering she has but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you'll not despise 'em, we hopes."

He held the balls to Ben and Hal.—"They are both alike, gentlemen," said he; "if you'll be pleased to take 'em, they're better than they look, for they

bound higher than your head, I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys as they received them, and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully: but now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

"The Master Sweepstakes, sir," said Stephen, "are come for Master Hal; they say, that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together, in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well-Walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince's Place, and all to go upon

the Downs together, to the place of meeting. I am not sure I'm right, sir, for both the young gentlemen spoke at once, and the wind is very high at the street door, so that I could not well make out all they said; but I believe this is the sense of it."

"Yes, yes," said Hal, eagerly, "it's all right; I know that is just what was settled the day I dined at Lady Diana's; and Lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride——"

"Well, that is nothing to the purpose," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Don't keep these Master Sweepstakes waiting; decide—do you choose to go with them, or with us?"

"Sir—uncle—sir, you know, since all the *uniforms* agreed to go together—"

"Off with you, then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal ran down stairs in such a hurry, that he forgot his bow and arrows.—Ben discovered this, when he went to fetch his own; and the lad from Bristol, who had been ordered by Mr. Gresham to eat his breakfast before he proceeded to Redland Chapel, heard Ben talking about his cousin's bow and arrows.

"I know," said Ben, "he will be sorry not to have his bow with him, because here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade; and he said, that the boys were all to carry their bows, as part of the show."

"If you'll give me leave, sir," said the poor Bristol lad, "I shall have plenty of time; and I'll run down to the Well-Walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows."

"Will you? I shall be much obliged

to you," said Ben; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribands.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows of all the houses in St. Vincent's parade were crowded with well-dressed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery procession. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of spectators, were seen moving backwards and forwards under the rocks, on the opposite side of the water. A barge, with coloured streamers flying, was waiting to take up a party, who were going upon the water. The bargemen rested upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curiosity upon the busy scene that appeared upon the public walk.

The archers and archeresses were now drawn up on the flags under the semi-

circular piazza just before Mrs. Yearsley's library. A little band of children, who had been mustered by Lady Diana Sweepstakes' *spirited exertions*, closed the procession. They were now all in readiness. The drummer only waited for her ladyship's signal; and the archers' corps only waited for her ladyship's word of command to march.

"Where are your bow and arrows, my little man?" said her ladyship to Hal, as she reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. "You can't march, man, without your arms!"

Hal had dispatched a messenger for his forgotten bow, but the messenger returned not; he looked from side to side in great distress—"O, there's my bow coming, I declare!" cried he—look, I see the bow and the ribands;—look now, between the trees, Charles Sweep-

stakes, on the Hotwell-Walk; — it is coming!"

"But you've kept us all waiting a confounded time," said his impatient friend.

"It is that good-natured poor fellow from Bristol, I protest, that has brought it me; I'm sure I don't deserve it from him," said Hal to himself, when he saw the lad with the black patch on his eye running, quite out of breath, towards him with his bow and arrows.

"Fall back, my good friend, fall back," said the military lady, as soon as he had delivered the bow to Hal; "I mean, stand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongst us. Don't follow so close, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake the triumph; he *fell back* as

soon as he understood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the spectators admired. Hal stepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon his epaulettes, or upon the facings of his uniform; whilst all the time he was considered only as part of a show. The walk appeared much shorter than usual; and he was extremely sorry, that Lady Diana, when they were half way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horse, because the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies, who accompanied her, followed her example. "We can leave the children to walk, you know," said she to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horse. "I must call to some of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join*."

She beckoned: and Hal, who was foremost, and proud to show his alacrity, ran on to receive her ladyship's orders. Now, as we have before observed, it was a sharp and windy day; and though Lady Diana Sweepstakes was actually speaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his nose from wanting to be blowed: he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball, which had been given to him just before he left home, and which, according to his usual careless habits, he had stuffed into his pocket in his hurry. "O, my new ball!" cried he, as he ran after it. As he stooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we

may recollect, our wasteful hero had used in spinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band; a sudden gust of wind blew it off—Lady Diana's horse started, and reared. She was a *famous* horsewoman, and sat him to the admiration of all beholders; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this spot, and her ladyship's uniform-habit was a sufferer by the accident.

"Careless brat!" said she, "why can't he keep his hat upon his head?"

In the mean time, the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran after it, amidst the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepstakes and the rest of the little regiment. The hat was lodged, at length, upon a bank. Hal pursued it: he thought this bank was hard, but, alas! the moment he set his

foot upon it, the foot sank. He tried to draw it back, his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions, who had halted upon the top of the hill, stood laughing spectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by Lady Diana to "*fall back*," and to "*keep at a distance*," was now coming up the hill; and the moment he saw our fallen hero, he hastened to his assistance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable spectacle, out of the red mud; the obliging mistress of a lodging-house, as soon as she understood that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Gresham, to whom she had formerly let her house,

received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Bristol lad hastened to Mr. Gresham's for clean stockings and shoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out; and he kept continually repeating,—"When it's dry it will all brush off; when it's dry, it will all brush off, won't it?"—But soon the fear of being too late at the archery-meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments; and he now as anxiously repeated, whilst the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "O, I shall be too late; indeed, I shall be too late; make haste; it will never dry; hold it nearer—nearer to the fire: I shall lose my turn to shoot; O, give me the

coat; I dont mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure, but it shrank it also; so that it was no easy matter to get the coat on again. However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which, in spite of all these operations, were too visible upon his shoulders, and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe, that there was not one spot upon the facings. "Nobody," said he, will take notice of my coat behind, I dare say. I think it looks as smart almost as ever!"—and under this persuasion our young archer resumed his bow—his bow with green ribands now no more!—and he pursued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of sight. "I suppose," said he to his friend with the black patch—"I suppose my uncle and Ben had left home, before you went for the shoes and stockings for me?"

"O, yes, sir; the butler said they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half hour or more."

Hal trudged on as fast as he possibly could. When he got upon the Downs, he saw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting, at the Ostrich. He pressed forwards; he was at first so much afraid of being late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people: in the

midst, he heard Lady Diana's loud voice betting upon some one, who was just going to shoot at the mark.

"So, then, the shooting is begun, is it?" said Hal. "O, let me in; pray let me into the circle! I'm one of the archers—I am, indeed; don't you see my green and white uniform?"

"Your red and white uniform, you mean," said the man to whom he addressed himself; and the people, as they opened a passage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery, which it exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepstakes, for their countenance and support: they were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana also seemed more to enjoy than to pity his confusion.

"Why could not you keep your hat upon you head, man?" said she, in her masculine tone. "You have been almost the ruin of my poor uniform-habit; but I've escaped rather better than you have —Don't stand there, in the middle of the circle, or you'll have an arrow in your eyes just now, I've a notion."

Hal looked round, in search of better friends—"O, where's my uncle?—where's Ben?" said he. He was in such confusion, that, amongst the number of faces, he could scarcely distinguish one from another; but he felt somebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and saw the good-natured face, of his cousin Ben.

"Come back; come behind these people," said Ben; "and put on my great coat; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his disgraced uniform with the rough great coat, which he had formerly despised. He pulled the stained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat; and he was now sufficiently recovered from his vexation, to give an intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty, who anxiously inquired, what had detained him so long, and what had been the matter. In the midst of the history of his disaster, he was just proving to Patty, that his taking the hat-band to spin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune; and he was at the same time endeavouring to refute his uncle's opinion, that the waste of the whip-cord, that tied the parcel, was the original cause of all his evils, when he was summoned to try his skill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are numbed, I can scarcely feel," said he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer, I shall like to see. Shoot away, Hal; but first understand our laws; we settled them before you came upon the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence.—Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed, that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had forgotten to bring more than

one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation, that each person should shoot with their own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man—shoot away."

Hal was rather surprised at the asperity with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintance, who call themselves friends, can change, when their interest comes in the slightest degree in competition with their friendship. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands so much benumbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Master Sweep-

stakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow—" If I have any luck," said he——But just as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

" There, it's all over with you," cried Master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

" Here's my bow for him, and welcome," said Ben.

" No, no, sir; that is not fair; that's against the regulation. You may shoot with your own bow, if you choose it, or you may not, just as you think proper; but you must not lend it, sir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first.

"You have but one more," said Master Sweepstakes:—"now for it!"

Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it cracked.

Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultations, and insulting laughter. But his laughter ceased, when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whip-cord.

"The everlasting whip-cord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel.

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket today, on purpose, because I thought I might happen to want it."

He drew his bow the third and last time.

"O, papa," cried little Patty, as his arrow hit the mark, "it's the nearest; is not it the nearest?"

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whip-cord, exclaimed, "How *lucky* this whip-cord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps you mean, that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Aye," said Hal, "very true; he might well say, 'Waste not, want not;' it is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

In the neighbourhood of a sea-port town, in the west of England, there lived a gardener, who had one son, called Maurice, of whom he was very fond. One day his father sent him to the neighbouring town, to purchase some garden seeds for him. When Maurice got to the seed-shop, it was full of people, who were all impatient to be served; first a great tall man, and next a great fat woman pushed before him, and he stood quietly beside the counter, waiting till somebody should be at leisure to attend him. At length, when all

the other people who were in the shop had got what they wanted, the shopman turned to Maurice—" And what do you want, my patient little fellow?" said he.

" I want all these seeds for my father," said Maurice, putting a list of seeds into the shopman's hand; " and I have brought money to pay for them all."

The seedsman looked out all the seeds that Maurice wanted, and packed them up in a paper: he was folding up some painted lady-peas, when, from a door at the back of the shop, there came in a square, rough-faced man, who exclaimed, the moment he came in,— " Are the seeds I ordered ready?—The wind's fair—they ought to have been a board yesterday. And my china jar, is it packed up and directed? where is it?"

"It is up there on the shelf over your head, sir," answered the seedsman—"it is very safe, you see, but we have not had time to pack it yet—it shall be done to-day; and we will get the seeds ready for you, sir, immediately."

"Immediately!—then stir about it—the seeds will not pack themselves up—make haste, pray."

"Immediately, sir, as soon as I have done up the parcel for this little boy."

"What signifies the parcel for this little boy? he can wait, and I cannot—wind and tide wait for no man. Here, my good lad, take your parcel, and sheer off," said the impatient man; and, as he spoke, he took up the parcel of seeds from the counter, as the shopman stooped to look for a sheet of thick brown paper and packthread, to tie it up.

The parcel was but loosely folded up, and as the impatient man lifted it, the weight of the peas, which were withinside of it, burst the paper, and all the seeds fell out upon the floor, whilst Maurice in vain held his hands to catch them. The peas rolled to all parts of the shop, the impatient man swore at them; but Maurice, without being out of humour, set about collecting them as fast as possible. Whilst he was busied in this manner, the man got what seeds he wanted, and, as he was talking about them, a sailor came into the shop, and said, "Captain, the wind has changed within these five minutes, and it looks as if we should have ugly weather."

"Well, I'm glad of it," replied the rough-faced man, who was the captain of the ship. "I am glad to have a day

longer to stay ashore, and I've business enough on my hands."

The captain pushed forward towards the shop-door. Maurice, who was kneeling on the floor, picking up his seeds, saw that the captain's foot was entangled in some packthread, which hung down from the shelf, on which the china jar stood. Maurice saw, that, if the captain took one more step forward, he must pull the string, so that it would throw down the jar, round the bottom of which the packthread was entangled. He immediately caught hold of the captain's leg, and stopped him—"Stay! stand still, sir!" said he, "or you will break your china jar."

"The man stood still, looked, and saw how the packthread had caught in his shoe-buckle, and how it was near drag-

ging down his beautiful china jar;—" I am really very much obliged to you, my little fellow," said he; " you have saved my jar, which I would not have broken for ten guineas; for it is for my wife, and I've brought it safe from abroad many a league; it would have been a pity if I had broken it just when it was safe landed. I am really much obliged to you, my little fellow; this was returning good for evil. I am sorry I threw down your seeds, as you are such a good-natured, forgiving boy. Be so kind," continued he, turning to the shopman, " as to reach down that china jar for me."

The shopman lifted down the jar very carefully, and the captain took off the cover, and pulled out some tulip-roots; " You seem, by the quantity of seeds you have got, to belong to a gardener.

Are you fond of gardening?" said he to Maurice.

"Yes, sir," replied Maurice, "very fond of it; for my father is a gardener, and he lets me help him at his work, and he has given me a little garden of my own."

"Then here are a couple of tulip-roots for you, and if you take care of them, I'll promise you that you will have the finest tulips in England in your little garden. These tulips were given to me by a Dutch merchant, who told me, that they were some of the rarest and finest in Holland. They will prosper with you, I'm sure, wind and weather permitting."

Maurice thanked the gentleman, and returned home, eager to show his precious tulip-roots to his father, and to a companion of his, the son of a nursery-

man, who lived near him.—Arthur was the name of the nurseryman's son.

The first thing Maurice did, after showing his tulip-roots to his father, was to run to Arthur's garden, in search of him. Their gardens were separated only by a low wall of loose stones:—"Arthur! Arthur! where are you? Are you in your garden? I want you."—But Arthur made no answer, and did not, as usual, come running to meet his friend. "I know where you are," continued Maurice, "and I'm coming to you as fast as the raspberry bushes will let me. I have good news for you—something you'll be delighted to see, Arthur!——Ha!—but here is something that I am not delighted to see, I am sure," said poor Maurice, who, when he had got through the raspberry bushes, and had come in sight of his

own garden, beheld his bell-glass—his beloved bell-glass, under which his cucumbers were grown so finely—his only bell-glass, broken to pieces!

"I am sorry for it," said Arthur, who stood leaning upon his spade in his own garden: "I am afraid you will be very angry with me."

"Why, was it you, Arthur, broke my bell-glass? O, how could you do so!"

"I was throwing weeds and rubbish over the wall, and by accident a great lump of couch-grass with stones hanging to the roots, fell upon your bell-glass, and broke it as you see."

Maurice lifted up the lump of couch-grass, which had fallen through the broken glass upon his cucumbers, and he looked at his cucumbers for a moment in silence—"O, my poor cucumbers! you must all die now; I shall see

all your yellow flowers withered to-morrow: but it is done, and it cannot be helped; so, Arthur, let us say no more about it."

"You are very good; I thought you would have been angry. I am sure, I should have been exceedingly angry, if you had broken the glass, if it had been mine."

"O, forgive and forget, as my father always says; that's the best way. Look what I have got for you." Then he told Arthur the story of the captain of the ship, and the china jar; the seeds having been thrown down, and of the fine tulip-roots, which had been given to him; and Maurice concluded by offering one of the precious roots to Arthur, who thanked him with great joy, and repeatedly said, "How good you were, not to be angry with me for

breaking your bell-glass: I am much more sorry for it, than if you had been in a passion with me!"

Arthur now went to plant his tulip-root; and Maurice looked at the beds which his companion had been digging, and at all the things which were coming up in his garden.

"I don't know how it is," said Arthur, "but you always seem as glad to see the things in my garden coming up, and doing well, as if they were all your own. I am much happier since my father came to live here, and since you and I have been allowed to work and to play together, than I ever was before; for you must know, before we came to live here, I had a cousin in the house with me, who used to plague me: he was not nearly so good-natured as you are: he never took pleasure in looking

at my garden, or at any thing that I did, that was well done; and he never gave me a share of any thing that he had; and so I did not like him; how could I? But I believe, that hating people makes us unhappy; for I know I never was happy when I was quarrelling with him; and I am always happy with you, Maurice; you know we never quarrel."

It would be well for all the world, if they could be convinced, like Arthur, that to live in friendship is better than to quarrel; it would be well for all the world, if they followed Maurice's maxim of "Forgive and forget," when they receive, or when they imagine that they receive, an injury.

Arthur's father, Mr. Oakly, the nursery-man, was apt to take offence at trifles; and when he thought that any of his neighbours disobliged him, he was too

proud to ask them to explain their conduct; therefore he was often mistaken in his judgment of them. He thought, that it showed *spirit*, to remember and to resent an injury; and therefore, though he was not an ill-natured man, he was sometimes led, by this mistaken idea of *spirit*, to do ill-natured things: "A warm friend, and a bitter enemy," was one of his maxims, and he had many more enemies than friends. He was not very rich, but he was proud; and his favourite proverb was, "Better live in spite than in pity."

When first he settled near Mr. Grant the gardener, he felt inclined to dislike him, because he was told, that Mr. Grant was a Scotchman, and he had a prejudice against Scotchmen, all of whom he believed to be cunning and avaricious,

because he had once been over-reached by a Scotch pedler. Grant's friendly manners, in some degree, conquered this prepossession; but still he secretly suspected, that *this civility*, as he said, *was all show*, and *that he was not, nor could not, being a Scotchman, be such a hearty friend as a true-born Englishman.*

Grant had some remarkable fine raspberries. The fruit was so large, as to be quite a curiosity. When it was in season, many strangers came from the neighbouring town, which was a sea-bathing place, to look at these raspberries, which obtained the name of *Brobdignag* raspberries.

"How came you, pray, neighbour Grant, if a man may ask, by these wonderful fine raspberries?" said Mr. Oakly, one evening to the gardener.

"That's a secret," replied Grant, with an arch smile.

"O, in case it's a secret, I've no more to say; for I never meddle with any man's secrets, that he does not choose to trust me with. But I wish, neighbour Grant, you would put down that book. You are always poring over some book or another, when a man comes to see you, which is not, according to my notions (being a plain, *unlarned* Englishman bred and born), so civil and neighbourly as might be."

Mr. Grant hastily shut his book, but remarked with a shrewd glance at his son, that it was in that book he found his Brobdignag raspberries.

"You are pleased to be pleasant upon them that have not the luck to be as book-*larned* as yourself, Mr. Grant;

but I take it, being only a plain-spoken Englishman, as I observed afore, that one is to the full as like to find a raspberry in one's garden, as in one's book, Mr. Grant."

Grant, observing that his neighbour spoke rather in a surly tone, did not contradict him: being well versed in the Bible, he knew that "A soft word turneth away wrath;" and he answered in a good-humoured voice, "I hear, neighbour Oakly, you are likely to make a great deal of money of your nursery, this year. Here's to the health of you and yours, not forgetting the seedling larch, which I see are coming on finely."

"Thank ye, neighbour, kindly: the larch are coming on tolerably well, that's certain; and here's to your good health, Mr. Grant—you and yours, not for-

getting your what d'ye call 'em raspberries."——(*Drinks*)——and, after a pause, resumes—" I'm not apt to be a beggar, neighbour, but if you could give me——"

Here Mr. Oakly was interrupted by the entrance of some strangers, and he did not finish making his request.—Mr. Oakly was not, as he said of himself, apt to ask favours, and nothing but Grant's cordiality could have conquered his prejudices, so far as to tempt him to ask a favour from a Scotchman.—He was going to have asked for some of the Brobdignag raspberry plants.—The next day the thought of the raspberry-plants recurred to his memory; but being a bashful man, he did not like to go himself on purpose to make his petition, and he desired his wife, who was just setting out to market, to call at Grant's

gate, and, if he was at work in his garden, to ask him for a few plants of his raspberries.

The answer which Oakly's wife brought to him was, that Mr. Grant had not a raspberry plant in the world to give him, and that if he had ever so many he would not give one away, except to his own son.—Oakly flew into a passion when he received such a message, declared it was just such a mean shabby trick as might have been expected from a Scotchman—called himself a booby, a dupe, and a blockhead, for ever having trusted to the civil speeches of a Scotchman—swore that he would die in the parish workhouse, before he would ever ask another favour, be it never so small, from a Scotchman—related for the hundredth time to his wife, the way in which he had been

taken in by the Scotch pedler ten years ago, and concluded by forswearing all farther intercourse with Mr. Grant, and all belonging to him.

"Son Arthur," said he, addressing himself to the boy, who just then came in from work—"Son Arthur, do you hear me, let me never again see you with Grant's son."

"With Maurice, father?"

"With Maurice Grant, I say;—I forbid you from this day and hour forward to have any thing to do with him."

"O, why, dear father?"

"Ask me no questions, but do as I bid you."

Arthur burst out a crying, and only said, "Yes, father, I'll do as you bid me, to be sure."

"Why now, what does the boy cry for? Is there no other boy, simpleton,

think you, to play with, but this Scotchman's son? I'll find out another playfellow for ye, child, if that be all."

"That's not all, father," said Arthur, trying to stop himself from sobbing; "but the thing is, I shall never have such another playfellow,—I shall never have such another friend as Maurice Grant."

"Ah, poor fool!" said his father, pressing his son's head to him, "thee be'est just such another as thy father—ready to be taken in by a fair word or so.—But when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find that friends are not as plenty as blackberries, and don't grow upon every bush."

"No, indeed, I don't think they do," said Arthur: "I never had a friend before, and I shall never have such another as Maurice Grant."

"Like father like son—you may think yourself well off to have done with him."

"Done with him! O, father, and shall I never go again to work in his garden, and may not he come to mine?"

"No," replied Oakly, sturdily;—"his father has used me uncivil, and no man shall use me uncivil twice.—I say no.—Wife, sweep up this hearth.—Boy, don't take on like a fool, but eat thy bacon and greens, and let's hear no more of Maurice Grant."

Arthur promised to obey his father; he only begged, that he might once more speak to Maurice, and tell him, that it was by his father's orders he acted.—This request was granted; but when Arthur further begged to know, what reason he might give for this se-

paration, his father refused to tell his reasons.

The two friends took leave of one another very sorrowfully.

Mr. Grant, when he heard of all this, endeavoured to discover what could have offended his neighbour; but all explanation was prevented by the obstinate silence of Oakly.

Now the message which Grant really sent about the Brobdignag raspberries, was somewhat different from that which Mr. Oakly received. The message was, that the raspberries were not Mr. Grant's, that therefore he had no right to give them away; that they belonged to his son Maurice, and that this was not the right time of the year for planting them. This message had been unluckily misunderstood.—Grant gave his answer to his wife; she to a Welsh servant-girl,

who did not perfectly comprehend her mistress's broad Scotch; and she in her turn could not make herself intelligible to Mrs. Oakly, who hated the Welsh accent, and whose attention, when the servant-girl delivered the message, was principally engrossed by the management of her own horse. The hofse on which Mrs. Oakly rode this day being ill-broken, would not stand still quietly at the gate, and she was extremely impatient to receive her answer, and to ride on to market.—On such slight things do the quarrels of neighbours often depend.

Oakly, when he had once resolved to dislike his neighbour Grant, could not long remain without finding out fresh causes of complaint.—There was in Grant's garden a plum-tree, which was planted close to the loose stone-wall that

divided the garden from the nursery. The soil in which the plum-tree was planted happened not to be quite so good as that which was on the opposite side of the wall, and the plum-tree had forced its way through the wall, and gradually had taken possession of the ground which it liked best.—Oakly thought the plum-tree, as it belonged to Mr. Grant, had no right to make its appearance on his ground: an attorney told him, that he might oblige Grant to cut it down; but Mr. Grant refused to cut down his plum-tree at the attorney's desire, and the attorney persuaded Oakly to go to law about the business, and the law-suit went on for some months.—The attorney, at the end of this time, came to Oakly with a demand for money to carry on his suit, assuring him, that in a short time

it would be determined in his favour. —Oakly paid his attorney ten golden guineas, remarked that it was a great sum for him to pay, and that nothing but the love of justice could make him persevere in this law-suit about a bit of ground, "which, after all," said he, "is not worth two-pence. The plum-tree does me little or no damage, but I don't like to be imposed upon by a Scotchman."

The attorney saw and took advantage of Oakly's prejudice against the natives of Scotland; and he persuaded him, that to show the *spirit* of a trueborn Englishman, it was necessary, whatever it might cost him, to persist in this law-suit.

It was soon after this conversation with the attorney, that Mr. Oakly walked with resolute steps towards the

plum-tree, saying to himself, "If it cost me a hundred pound, I will not let this cunning Scotchman get the better of me."

Arthur interrupted his father's reverie, by pointing to a book and some young plants, which lay upon the wall. "I fancy, father," said he, "those things are for you, for there is a little note directed to you, in Maurice's hand-writing:—shall I bring it to you?"

"Yes, let me read it, child, since I must."

It contained these words:

"Dear Mr. Oakly,

"I don't know why you have quarrelled with us: I am very sorry for it. But though you are angry with me, I am not angry with you. I hope you will not refuse some of my Brobdignag raspberry plants, which you asked for

a great while ago, when we were all good friends. It was not the right time of year to plant them then, which was the reason they were not sent to you: but it is just the right time to plant them now; and I send you the book, in which you will find the reason why we always put sea-weed ashes about their roots: and I have got some sea-weed ashes for you. You will find the ashes in the flower-pot upon the wall. I have never spoken to Arthur, nor he to me, since you bid us not. So wishing your Brobdignag raspberries may turn out as well as ours, and longing to be all friends again, I am, with love to dear Arthur, and self,

"Your affectionate neighbour's son,

"MAURICE GRANT."

"P. S. It is now four months since

the quarrel began; and that is a very long while."

A great part of the effect of this letter was lost upon Oakly, because he was not very expert at reading writing, and it cost him much trouble to spell it, and put it together. However, he seemed touched by it, and said, "I believe this Maurice loves you well enough, Arthur, and he seems a good sort of boy; but as to the raspberries, I believe all that he says about them is but an excuse; and at any rate, as I could not get 'em when I asked for them, I'll not have them now.—Do you hear me, I say, Arthur? What are you reading there?"

Arthur was reading the page that was doubled down in the book, which Maurice had left along with the raspberry plants, upon the wall. Arthur read aloud as follows:

(Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1798, page 421.)

"There is a sort of strawberry cultivated at Jersey, which is almost covered with sea-weed in the winter, in like manner as many plants in England are with litter from the stable. These strawberries are usually of the largeness of a middle-sized apricot, and the flavour is particularly grateful. In Jersey and Guernsey, situate scarcely one degree farther south than Cornwall, all kinds of fruit, pulse, and vegetables, are produced in their seasons a fortnight or three weeks sooner than in England, even on the southern shores; and snow will scarcely remain twenty-four hours on the earth. Although this may be attributed to these islands being surrounded with a salt, and consequently a moist atmosphere, yet the ashes (sea-weed ashes)

made use of as manure, may also have their portion of influence*."

"And here," continued Arthur, "is something written with a pencil, on a slip of paper, and it is Maurice's writing. I will read it to you."

"When I read in this book what is said about the strawberries growing as large as apricots, after they had been covered over with sea-weed, I thought that, perhaps, sea-weed ashes might be good for my father's raspberries; and I asked him if he would give me leave to try them. He gave me leave, and I went directly and gathered together some sea-weed that had been cast on shore; and I dried it, and burned it, and then I

* It is necessary to observe, that this experiment has never been actually tried upon raspberry-plants.

manured the raspberries with it, and the year afterwards the raspberries grew to the size that you have seen. Now, the reason I tell you this, is; first, that you may know how to manage your raspberries; and next, because I remember you looked very grave, and as if you were not pleased with my father, Mr. Grant, when he told you, that the way by which he came by his Brobdignag raspberries was a secret. Perhaps this was the thing that has made you so angry with us all; for you never have come to see father since that evening. Now I have told you all I know; and so I hope you will not be angry with us any longer."

Mr. Oakly was much pleased by this openness, and said, "Why now, Arthur, this is something like,—this is telling one the thing one wants to know, without fine speeches.—This is

like an Englishman more than a Scotchman—Pray, Arthur, do you know whether your friend Maurice was born in England or in Scotland?"

"No, indeed, sir, I don't know—I never asked—I did not think it signified—All I know is, that wherever he was born he is *very* good. Look, papa, my tulip is blowing."

"Upon my word, this will be a beautiful tulip!"

"It was given to me by Maurice."

"And did you give him nothing for it?"

"Nothing in the world; and he gave it to me just at a time when he had good cause to be very angry with me, just when I had broken his bell-glass."

"I have a great mind to let you play together again," said Arthur's father.

"O, if you would," cried Arthur,

clapping his hands, "how happy we should be! Do you know, father, I have often sat for an hour at a time up in that crab-tree, looking at Maurice at work in his garden, and wishing that I was at work with him.—My garden, look ye, father, is not nearly in such good order as it used to be; but every thing would go right again if——"

Here Arthur was interrupted by the attorney, who came to ask Mr. Oakly some question about the law-suit concerning the plum-tree. Oakly showed him Maurice's letter; and to Arthur's extreme astonishment, the attorney had no sooner read it, than he exclaimed, "What an artful little gentleman this is! I never, in the course of all my practice, met with any thing better. Why, this is the most cunning letter I ever read."

"Where's the cunning?" said Oakly, and he put on his spectacles.

"My good sir, don't you see, that all this stuff about Brobdignag raspberries is to ward off your suit about the plum-tree? They know—that is, Mr. Grant, who is sharp enough, knows—that he will be worsted in that suit; that he must, in short, pay you a good round sum for damages, if it goes on."

"Damages!" said Oakly, staring round him at the plum-tree: "but I don't know what you mean. I mean nothing but what's honest. I don't mean to ask for any good round sum; for the plum-tree has done me no great harm by coming into my garden; but only I don't choose it should come there without my leave."

"Well, well," said the attorney; "I

understand all that; but what I want to make you, Mr. Oakly, understand, is, that this Grant and his son only want to make up matters with you, and prevent the thing's coming to a fair trial, by sending you, in this underhand sort of way, a bribe of a few raspberries."

"A bribe!" exclaimed Oakly; "I never took a bribe, and I never will;" and, with sudden indignation, he pulled the raspberry plants from the ground in which Arthur was planting them; and he threw them over the wall into Grant's garden.

Maurice had put his tulip, which was beginning to blow, in a flower-pot, on the top of the wall, in hopes that his friend Arthur would see it from day to day.

Alas! he knew not in what a dangerous situation he had placed it.—One of his own Brobdignag raspberry-plants,

swung by the angry arm of Oakly, struck off the head of his precious tulip!

Arthur, who was full of the thought of convincing his father that the attorney was mistaken in his judgment of poor Maurice, did not observe the fall of the tulip.

The next day, when Maurice saw his raspberry-plants scattered upon the ground, and his favourite tulip broken, he was in much astonishment, and, for some moments, angry; but anger, with him, never lasted long. He was convinced, that all this must be owing to some accident or mistake; he could not believe, that any one could be so malicious, as to injure him on purpose—"And even if they did all this on purpose to vex me," said he to himself, "the best thing I can do, is not to let it vex me.—Forgive and forget."

This temper of mind Maurice was more happy in enjoying, than he could have been made without it, by the possession of all the tulips in Holland.

Tulips were, at this time, things of great consequence in the estimation of the country, several miles round, where Maurice and Arthur lived.

There was a florist's feast to be held at the neighbouring town, at which a prize of a handsome set of gardening-tools was to be given to the person who could produce the finest flower of its kind. A tulip was the flower which was thought the finest the preceding year, and consequently numbers of people afterwards endeavoured to procure tulip-roots, in hopes of obtaining the prize this year.

Arthur's tulip was beautiful. As he examined it from day to day, and every

day thought it improving, he longed to thank his friend Maurice for it; and he often mounted into his crab-tree, to look into Maurice's garden, in hopes of seeing his tulip also in full bloom and beauty. He never could see it.

The day of the florist's feast arrived, and Oakly went with his son, and the fine tulip, to the place of meeting. It was on a spacious bowling-green. All the flowers, of various sorts, were ranged upon a terrace at the upper end of the bowling-green; and, amongst all this gay variety, the tulip which Maurice had given to Arthur appeared conspicuously beautiful. To the owner of this tulip the prize was adjudged; and, as the handsome garden-tools were delivered to Arthur, he heard a well-known voice wish him joy. He turned, looked about him, and saw his friend Maurice.

"But, Maurice, where is your own tulip?" said Mr. Oakly; "I thought, Arthur, you told me, that he kept one for himself."

"So I did," said Maurice; "but somebody (I suppose by accident) broke it."

"Somebody! who?" cried Arthur and Mr. Oakly at once.

"Somebody who threw the raspberry-plants back again over the wall," replied Maurice.

"That was me—that somebody was me," said Oakly. "I scorn to deny it; but I did not intend to break your tulip, Maurice."

"Dear Maurice," said Arthur—"you know I may call him dear Maurice—now you are by, papa—Here are all the garden-tools; take them, and welcome."

"Not one of them," said Maurice, drawing back.

"Offer them to the father—offer them to Mr. Grant," whispered Oakly; "he'll take them, I'll answer for it."

Mr. Oakly was mistaken: the father would not accept of the tools.

Mr. Oakly stood surprised—"Certainly," said he to himself, "this cannot be such a miser as I took him for;" and he walked immediately up to Grant, and bluntly said to him, "Mr. Grant, your son has behaved very handsome to my son; and you seem to be glad of it."

"To be sure I am," said Grant.

"Which," continued Oakly, "gives me a better opinion of you than ever I had before—I mean, than ever I had since the day you sent me the shabby answer about those foolish, what d'ye call 'em, cursed raspberries."

"What shabby answer?" said Grant, with surprise; and Oakly repeated exactly the message which he received; and

Grant declared that he never sent any such message. He repeated exactly the answer which he really sent, and Oakly immediately stretched out his hand to him, saying, "I believe you: no more need be said: I'm only sorry I did not ask you about this four months ago; and so I should have done, if you had not been a Scotchman. Till now, I never rightly liked a Scotchman. We may thank this good little fellow," continued he, turning to Maurice, "for our coming at last to a right understanding: there was no holding out against his good-nature. I'm sure, from the bottom of my heart, I'm sorry I broke his tulip. —Shake hands, boys; I'm glad to see you, Arthur, look so happy again, and hope Mr. Grant will forgive——"

"O, forgive and forget," said Grant and his son at the same moment; and

from this time forward, the two families lived in friendship with each other.

Oakly laughed at his own folly, in having been persuaded to go to law about the plum-tree; and he, in process of time, so completely conquered his early prejudice against Scotchmen, that he and Grant became partners in business. Mr. Grant's book-*larning* and knowledge of arithmetic, he found highly useful to him; and he, on his side, possessed a great many active, good qualities, which became serviceable to his partner.

The two boys rejoiced in this family union; and Arthur often declared, that they owed all their happiness to Maurice's favourite maxim, "Forgive and forget."

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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